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THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE
VOL. III

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THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.
DON JOHN, his bastard brother.
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.
LEONATO, governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his brother.
BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro.
CONRADE, } followers of Don John.
BORACHIO, }
FRIAR FRANCIS.
DOGBERRY, a constable.
VERGES, a headborough.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, etc.

SCENE : *Messina.*

DURATION OF TIME

Mr. Daniel analyses the 'Time' as follows (*Transactions of N. Shak. Soc.*, 1877-79) :—

Day 1. I., II. 1., 2.
,, 2. II. 3., III. 1.-3.
,, 3. III. 4., 5., IV., V. 1.-2., 3. (part of).
,, 4. V. 3. (part of), 4.

INTRODUCTION

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING was entered in the Stationers' Register, 4th August 1600, and the only Quarto edition appeared in the same year. It is very accurate, and probably authentic; the Folio being reprinted from it with a few omissions and some slight, apparently accidental, variations of no value. Its title runs:

Much adoe about | Nothing. *As it hath been
sundrie times publikely* | acted by the right honourable,
the Lord | Chamberlaine his seruants. | *Written by*
William Shakespeare. | London. | Printed by V. S.
for Andrew Wise, and | William Aspley. | 1600.

Beyond a list of the players,¹ among whom the famous comedian Kemp figured as Dogberry,² nothing is known of these performances; but the play, which is not mentioned by Meres (1598) and is bound by close affinities of temper and style to *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, was undoubtedly, in its finished form, a fruit, like these, of the rich years 1599-1600. Like these, too, it contains no definite traces of earlier work. An interesting oversight in i. 1., where Leonato is said to enter accompanied, not only by Hero his daughter and Beatrice his niece, but by 'Imogen his wife,' tantalises the imagination with visions of a

¹ Prefixed in the First Folio. prefixed to most of Dogberry's

² In iv. 2., also, 'Kemp' is speeches.

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second Hermione championing a slandered Perdita,¹—another glimpse of that relationship of mother and daughter, so rarely touched by Shakespeare. But the theory of a 'revision' (the cheap panacea in some hands for the slightest discrepancy) is wholly unsupported by criteria of style. The dramatic manner of *Much Ado* is flexible in the highest degree, but it is not at all composite. The subsequent fortunes of the play were not, for one of the masterpieces of English comedy, eventful. It was one of the six plays of Shakespeare chosen for performance at the wedding festivities of the Princess Elizabeth in 1613, and, except the unmatched 'Sir John Falstaff' (as *Henry IV.* was called) and the new, or recent, *Tempest* and *Winter's Tale*, the only comedy. Up to the closing of the theatres it continued to fascinate high and low.

Let but *Beatrice*
And *Benedicke* be seene, loe in a trice
The cockpit, galleries, boxes all are full.

So wrote Leonard Digges in 1640. But after the Restoration its brilliance was already a little out of date, and the play might have gone off the boards had it not occurred to Sir W. Davenant to eke out its deficiencies by fusing it with *Measure for Measure*, the two being 'believ'd' (as Langbaine puts it) 'to have Wit enough in them to make one good play.' The result was his *The Law against Lovers*, witnessed by Pepys in 1661 and published in 1673.

The serious plot of *Much Ado* is founded on the story of Timbreo and Fenicia, the twenty-second of Bandello's novels, which Shakespeare perhaps read as paraphrased by Belleforest in his *Histoires Tragiques*. Timbreo is the victim of a plot similar to that laid

¹ In ii. 1. the stage direction also mentions, but without naming, Leonato's wife among the persons who enter.

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against Claudio. But its author is a jealous rival, Girondo, and its agent not a counterfeit presenter of the lady but a servant 'perfumed' like a lover, whom he causes to ascend by night to Fenicia's chamber window before Timbreo's eyes. Timbreo sends a message to her parents, breaking off the match. Fenicia, overcome with the humiliation, pines away, but, when apparently at the point of death, suddenly revives. Her parents thereupon send her secretly to a distant retreat, giving out that she is in fact dead, and burying an empty coffin with solemn ceremony. Girondo repents, confesses, and begs Timbreo to take his life. Fenicia is restored, and Timbreo recovers his old fiancée under the semblance of a new.

A much superior form of the plot-incident in this fantastic tale was to be found in Ariosto's story of Ariodante and Genevra (*Orl. Fur.* c. v.). Here the Duke of Albany, Polynesso, a rejected lover of Genevra, similarly beguiles Ariodante, his successful rival. But instead of the perfumed serving-man, he resorts to an abandoned mistress of his own, Genevra's maid, inducing her innocently to appear at her lady's window in her lady's dress. The sequel differs; Genevra's imagined guilt is less lightly pardoned, and she is only rescued from death by the timely intervention of the champion Rinaldo.

The story in both forms had long been familiar in England. Even before the appearance of Harington's translation of the *Orlando* in 1591, it had been translated in verse by Turbervile and Beverley; and a nameless playwright had produced a (lost) 'Historie of Ariodante and Genevora,' which was 'showed before her Majestie on Shrove Tuesdaie at night, in 1583.' Spenser also introduced it into the tale of Sir Guyon (*F. Q.* ii. 4), qualifying it for its place in the allegory of Temperance by a new conclusion in which the

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deceived lover, an example of headstrong fury, actually slays the innocent Claribella and vainly endeavours to slay her handmaid.

Such a story involved a nearer approach to a tragic action and to tragic pathos than anything in *As You Like It* or *Twelfth Night*. Rosalind's banishment on pain of death is but a shadowy threshold across which she steps blithely into the magic woodlands of Arden. Even the 'concealment' which preys on the damask cheek of Viola cannot compare in poignancy with the slanderous outrage which crushes Hero. Yet we are never in danger of anticipating a tragic issue. Nowhere is the art more delicate with which Shakespeare communicates to the hearer an indefinable assurance that all will go well. In the earlier Comedies he achieved this by making the controller of the harms essentially amiable and humane. The duke who condemns Egeus in *The Comedy of Errors*, Theseus, who threatens the lovers in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, satisfy us in spite of themselves that the cruelties these charming persons promise will not come off. In the later Comedies his plan is a subtler and more difficult one. He admits as contrivers of harm persons purely malign and criminal, like Stephano and Antonio in *The Tempest*, and Don John in our play, or fatuously cruel, like Leontes, in *The Winter's Tale*, and Frederick in *As You Like It*. Far from being more amiable than his prototype in Bandello, Don John is a more unmitigated scoundrel—the purest embodiment, perhaps, in all Shakespeare of cynical egoism. He has neither Girondo's excuse of rivalry in love nor his after-virtue of penitence; he hails the announcement of an intended marriage before he knows whose it is, with the eager question, 'Will it serve as a model to build mischief on?' But egoism so unalloyed as his is self-destructive; and the

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sense that it is so tempers the foreboding it inspires. He is a 'plain-dealing villain,' whose 'tart looks' give fair warning of his disposition ; one too indolent and too dull to arm himself with the successful criminal's weapons of hypocrisy and craft. He is generally shunned by the brilliant Messina society ; alternately spurned and indulged by the prince. Unlike Edmund and Iago he captivates no friends, and his only associate is his tool Borachio, who sees quite through 'the devil, my master,' and provides the brains to his malice and gold. The cunning of this associate tends somewhat to neutralise the reassuring effect of Don John's insignificance ; but his communicativeness betrays the secret which his master's morose temper would have concealed ; and the accidental coalition of a passing shower, an opportune penthouse, and a 'vigilant' watchman, ensures the final discovery.

The play is only half through, but here is the beginning of the end. Under ordinary conditions the discovery must follow at once, Hero would be vindicated before the marriage, and the whole scheme of the drama would dissolve. It was necessary that the discovery should be foreseen when that otherwise too harrowing scene takes place, but that it should not be actually made. This double result is secured by the admirable creations of Dogberry and Verges. Even Coleridge could regard them as somewhat irrelevant figures 'forced into the service' of the plot, 'when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action.' But the gist of the invention lies just in their being 'ingeniously absurd' in the particular way in which they are. Nothing but their delicious irrelevance prevents the truth from reaching Leonato in time ; but—'neighbours, you are tedious,'

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and he hands over the 'two aspicuous persons' who hold his daughter's fate in their hands to the constable's leisurely 'excommunication.' The very figure of Dogberry is reassuring; evil cannot be rampant in a city which he and his 'most quiet watchmen' sufficiently protect, nor the story finally disastrous to which he contributes a link. It is a part of the irony, grave but not yet bitter, which underlies the play, that in this community of brilliantly accomplished men and women, it is not by dint of wit but through the blind channels of accident and unreason that the discovery makes its way. 'What your wisdoms,' as Borachio says, 'could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light.'

The other great Shakespearean creations of the play, Benedick and Beatrice, are far less intimately attached to the story of Hero. Both in *Twelfth Night* and in *As You Like It* the heroine of the story remains the heroine of the play. But the delicate girl whose purity is so little armed with wit that she helplessly succumbs at the false charge could not be a sister to Rosalind and Viola. Nor did women of her type, we may say with confidence, interest Shakespeare's imagination at this time by any means so keenly as the women of brilliant and somewhat aggressive charm, womanly to the core, but of more than masculine agility in the use of all the weapons of wit. She is indeed exquisitely drawn, with few strokes, and more by her silence than by her speech; but hers is not yet the breathing and perfumed quietness of Perdita and Imogen. Her place as heroine is taken, confessedly or not, by the sovran figure of Beatrice. It is easy to see the germ of Beatrice in the Rosaline of *Love's Labour's Lost*, as we may see the germ of Dogberry in Constable Dull. But Rosaline's wit is mere ingenious word-play, a half-

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mechanical accomplishment ; Beatrice's is a play of thought upon thought, the spontaneous utterance of a brilliant mind steeped in the hues of highly individual character, and betraying in spite of her the impulses of a passionate woman's heart.

Beatrice creates the intellectual atmosphere in which the play moves ; hence, although her part in the action is extremely slight and does not affect its issues, she seems to be the centre about which it revolves. At only two points does she intervene, actively or passively, in the plot ; and these are points at which the passionate woman in her subdues the dazzling mocker. No whit less helplessly than her gentle cousin had fallen a victim to the malignant device of Don John, Beatrice falls a victim to its sportive counterpart, Leonato's 'pastime' for securing 'that time shall not go dully with us.' Nothing in the Comedies is more delicately imagined in all its details than this gay inversion of the tragic theme. Here two professed antagonists are beguiled into love, there two lovers are beguiled to a rupture. Here, as there, a deception which has a basis of truth ; for Benedick's and Beatrice's professed antagonism conceals a sympathetic fascination which a slight stimulus shakes into love, and Claudio's professed love conceals a profound ignorance of Hero, which the bare suggestion of suspicion transforms into insulting and vindictive rage. The slanderous tongues do their work ; and then the ardent womanhood of Beatrice alone rises up in protest against the inanities of 'evidence' and 'proof,' at first half baffled by grief and choked by tears, then flaming out into the great cry, 'Kill Claudio' ; while the hesitating Benedick gathers energy and will under her spell. For the rest, the two plots, sharply contrasted as they are in-tone and temper, are carried out by groups of characters who remain distinct. It

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is significant that Margaret, who counterfeits Hero's person, is tacitly excluded from the dainty deceit of the garden scene, where the transparent Hero, in her eagerness to help her cousin to a good husband, displays an else unsuspected artifice and eloquence.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before LEONATO's house.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, *with a*
Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Peter hath bestowed much honour on a young 10
Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

7. *sort*, rank.

better bettered, more surpassed.

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Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and 20
there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto re- 30
turned from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's 40
fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

30. *Mountanto*, or 'Montanto,' an Italian fencing expression, meaning 'an upright blow or thrust.' The form 'montant' occurs in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 3. 27.

37. *pleasant*, full of jests.

39. *set up his bills*, put up a

public announcement (a placard containing the challenge).

40. *the flight*, a kind of light and well-feathered arrow.

41. *subscribed*, signed.

42. *bird-bolt*, a broad, blunt arrow used for killing birds (contrasted with the 'flight'), a regular weapon of the Fool.

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Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath 50
holp to eat it : he is a very valiant trencher-man ;
he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady : but what
is he to a lord ?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man ; stuffed
with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed ; he is no less than a
stuffed man : but for the stuffing,—well, we are
all mortal. 60

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece.
There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior
Benedick and her : they never meet but there's a
skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas ! he gets nothing by that. In our
last conflict four of his five wits went halting off,
and now is the whole man governed with one : so
that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm,
let him bear it for a difference between himself
and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath 70
left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is
his companion now ? He hath every month a
new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible ?

Beat. Very easily possible : he wears his faith

66. *his five wits* ; ' the five wits ' meant sometimes the five senses, sometimes the five mental ' faculties ' of ' common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory.' Beatrice plays upon the latter meaning.

69. *bear it for a difference* ; in heraldry a ' difference ' was the distinguishing mark in the coat-armour of different branches of the same family. (Cf. ' wear your rue with a difference,' *Ham.* iv. 5. 183.)

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ACT I

but as the fashion of his hat ; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No ; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil ?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease : he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured. 90

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO,
BENEDICK, and BALTHASAR.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble : the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace : for trouble being gone, 100 comfort should remain ; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

77. *block*, shaping model for hats, 'shape.'

82. *squarer*, roysterer.

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her ?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no ; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick : we may 110
guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady ; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick : nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain ! are you yet living ? 120

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick ? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted : and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart ; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women : they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. 130
I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that : I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind ! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

123. *convert*, be converted.

129. *A dear happiness (to)*, a singular good fortune (for).

Much Ado About Nothing ACT I

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a 140
beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he 150
heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on? 160

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex? 170

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too

sc. 1 Much Ado About Nothing

little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her. 180

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good harefinder and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on. 190

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it 200

186. *to tell us Cupid is a good harefinder*, etc., *i.e.* to praise people, in mockery, for qualities they notoriously lack;—Cupid being blind, and Vulcan a great worker in metal, not in wood.

188. *go in*, join with you in.

200. *wear his cap with suspicion*, (either) incurring the suspicion that he has 'horns' under it, (or) suspecting that another has worn his (night-) cap. The ultimate sense is the same.

203. *wear the print of it and*

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and sigh away Sundays. Look ; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance. 210

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio : I can be secret as a dumb man ; I would have you think so ; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who ? now that is your grace's part. Mark how short his answer is ;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord : 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.' 220

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her ; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

sigh away Sundays. A modern Benedick would perhaps say, 'Be an obviously "married" man and a good church-going Philistine !'

217. *uttered*, proclaimed.

218. *Like the old tale*, the tale of 'Mr. Fox,' written down from memory by Blakeway for Malone's edition, and obviously 'old' in spite of the eighteenth-

century colouring of the dialogue.

'It is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so,' is Mr. Fox's ironical comment on the successive horrors which Lady Mary relates him after her furtive visit to his house. Cf. Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales*.

225. *fetch me in*, bring me to a confession.

sc. 1 Much Ado About Nothing

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

230

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

250

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

237. *in the despite of*, in aversion from.

242. *have a recheat winded in my forehead*, i.e. wear a horn. To 'wind a recheat' was to blow a blast on the hunting-horn re-

calling the hounds.

244. *baldrick*, the belt in which the horn was hung.

247. *fine*, end.

258. *argument*, theme for discourse.

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Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be 260
clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

‘In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.’

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull’s horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write ‘Here is good horse to hire,’ let them signify under my sign ‘Here you may see Benedick the married man.’ 270

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato’s: commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation. 280

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of

259. *a bottle*, probably a large wooden bottle or small barrel.

261. *Adam*, Adam Bell the famous archer of the popular ballads.

263. ‘*In time the savage bull*,’ etc., a (slightly inaccurate) quotation from Kyd’s *Spanish*

Tragedy. Kyd himself took it, almost intact, from Watson’s *Passionate Centurie of Love*.

272. *horn-mad*, mad like a bull.

276. *temporize with the hours*, comply with the time.

283. *tuition*, guardianship.

SC. I

ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. *[Exit.* 290

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it
but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love :
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her and with her father
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,

288. *guarded with fragments,* with scraps and tags (the quotation from Kyd, and the stock
trimmed with scraps.

289. *guards, trimmings.*

290. *flout old ends*, mock me (house').

Much Ado About Nothing ACT I

I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader
than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest, 320

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night:

I will assume thy part in some disguise

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale;

Then after to her father will I break;

And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.* 330]

SCENE II. *A room in LEONATO'S house.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin,
your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother,
I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt
not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have
a good cover; they show well outward. The
prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-
pleached alley in mine orchard, were thus much 10
overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered

317. *salved, palliated.*

319. *The fairest grant is the
necessity, the most serviceable
gift is that which satisfies the
need.*

320. *'tis once, it is settled
once for all.*

9. *thick-pleached, thickly in-
tertwined, of dense foliage.*

sc. III Much Ado About Nothing

to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance ; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow : I will send for him ; and question him yourself.

20

Leon. No, no ; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself : but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend ; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord ! why are you thus out of measure sad ?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds ; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. 'You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it ?

14. *accordant*, agreeing.

next words are addressed to them.

15. *by the top*, by the forelock.

1. *What the good-year*, a mild oath (originally a corruption of the name of the French disease *goujère*).

25. *attendants*. These must be supposed to be dependent relatives of Leonato's. The

Much Ado About Nothing ACT I

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance. 10

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest. 20

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any; in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me. 30

12. *born under Saturn*, i.e. constitutionally melancholy. Conrade might thus be expected to share Don John's 'sadness' rather than to seek a 'moral medicine' for it.

18. *claw*, flatter.

28. *canker*, dog-rose.

30. *blood*, temperament.

ib. *fashion a carriage*, put on a forced demeanour.

sc. III Much Ado About Nothing

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent? 49

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.
Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper :
the prince your brother is royally entertained by
Leonato ; and I can give you intelligence of an
intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build
mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths
himself to unquietness? 50

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and
who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir
of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How
came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I 60
was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince
and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference :
I whipt me behind the arras ; and there heard it
agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for
himself, and having obtained her, give her to
Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither : this may
prove food to my displeasure. That young start-
up hath all the glory of my overthrow : if I can

54. *A proper squire!* a pretty
youth (with a touch of contempt).

60. *Being entertained for,* be-
ing taken into service as.

61. *smoking a musty room,*
burning perfumes in it (such as
juniper) to sweeten the air.

62. *sad,* grave.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

cross him any way, I bless myself every way. 70
You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done.

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in LEONATO'S house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE,
and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest 10
son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man

10. my lady's eldest son, a young heir (in general).

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue. 20

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen. 30

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell. 40

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away

20. *shrewd*, shrewish.

33. *in the woollen*, between the blankets, without linen sheets.

43. *bear-ward*, bear-keeper, who also kept apes. 'To lead apes to hell,' to die an old maid.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me 59
where the bachelors sit, and there live we as
merry as the day is long.

Ant. [*To Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will
be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to
make curtsy and say 'Father, as it please you.'
But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a hand-
some fellow, or else make another curtsy and say
'Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day 60
fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other
metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman
to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust?
to make an account of her life to a clod of way-
ward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons
are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to
match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you:
if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know 70
your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin,
if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince
be too important, tell him there is measure in
every thing and so dance out the answer. For,
hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting,
is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace:
the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig,
and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-
modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; 80
and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs,

74. *important*, importunate.

77. *cinque pace*, a dance of
five steps.

ib. *measure*, a slow and stately
dance.

80. *ancientry*, old-fashioned
dignity.

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle ; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room. [*All put on their masks.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and others, masked.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? 90

Hero. So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk ; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour ; for God defend the lute should be like the case !

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof ; within the house is Jove. 100

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Drawing her aside.]

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake ; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one ?

97. *favour*, features.

ib. *defend*, forbid.

99. *Philemon*. The story of Jupiter's visit to the cottage of Philemon and Baucis was told in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and

known to Shakespeare in any case, through Golding's translation. These three last speeches of Hero and Don Pedro form a rhyming couplet in the metre used by Golding.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen. 110

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head. 120

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so? 130

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales:'—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

123. *dry hand*, a sign of cool and temperate blood.

123. *up and down*, altogether, exactly.

125. *At a word*, in a word.

135. '*Hundred Merry Tales*,' a popular sixteenth-century collection of humorous anecdotes (reprinted by Hazlitt in *Shakespeare Jest Books*, 1864).

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

149

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell 150 him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. 160

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray 170 you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for

149. boarded, accosted.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt Don John and Borachio.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 180
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
'Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio? 190

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her. 200

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier:

195. *county*, count.

chain worn about the neck by

197. *usurer's chain*, the golden rich merchants.

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

222. *a lodge*, a solitary (watchman's or gamekeeper's) cottage.

229. *flat*, stupid.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner. 240

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin 250

252. *impossible conveyance*,
incredible dexterity (with the
suggestion of juggling).

256. *terminations*, terms.
263. *Ate*, the goddess of
Vengeance and Discord.

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

270

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO,
and LEONATO.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on ; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

280

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not : I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come ; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile ; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one : marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

290

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I

276. *Prester John*, the fabulous Eastern despot described in Maundeville.

277. *Cham*, the Khan of Tartary.

288. *use*, interest.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

300

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

310

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

320

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

304. *civil as an orange* (with the state of affairs).
a play upon Seville).

309. *conceit*, conception (of matter.

310. *broke*, broached the

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance ! Thus goes ³³⁰
every one to the world but I, and I am sun-
burnt : I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho
for a husband !

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's
getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like
you ? Your father got excellent husbands, if a
maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady ?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have an- ³⁴⁰
other for working-days : your grace is too costly
to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace,
pardon me : I was born to speak all mirth and no
matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to
be merry best becomes you ; for, out of question,
you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried ;
but then there was a star danced, and under that
was I born. Cousins, God give you joy ! ³⁵⁰

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I
told you of ?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's
pardon. *[Exit.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited
lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element
in her, my lord : she is never sad but when she
sleeps, and not ever sad then ; for I have heard
my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of ³⁶⁰
unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

330. *alliance, marriage.*

ib. *goes to the world, is*
married.

359. *not ever, not always.*

361. *unhappiness, mischief.*

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to ³⁷⁰ go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours; ³⁸⁰ which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to ³⁹⁰ help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in

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love with Benedick ; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is ⁴⁰⁰ no longer an archer : his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so ; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord ; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me : I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage ?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord ; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me. 10

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage ? 20

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother ; spare not to

399. *queasy stomach*, fastidious taste.

403. *drift*, plan.

21. *to temper*, to mix.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

30

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

40

50

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it

25. *stale*, strumpet.

44. *hear Margaret term me Claudio.* This is at first sight puzzling, and some editors have substituted 'Borachio'; but Borachio cannot have meant to betray himself to the prince and

Claudio as the apparent lover of Hero; on the other hand, he might well assume Claudio's name, which would disguise his identity without making the real Claudio less confident of Hero's guilt.

sc. III Much Ado About Nothing

can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. LEONATO'S orchard.

Enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Boy!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with

11. *argument*, theme.

18. *carving*, devising.

21. *orthography*, orthographer, 'euphuist.'

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. 30
[*Withdraws.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is, 40

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHASAR *with Music.*

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency To put a strange face on his own perfection. I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more. 50

45. *kid-fox*, young fox.

SC. III Much Ado About Nothing

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing ;
 Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
 To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
 Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Now, pray thee, come ;
 Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
 Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes ;
 There 's not a note of mine that 's worth the noting,

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that
 he speaks ;

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! 60
 Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls
 out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money,
 when all 's done.

The Song.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never :
 Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe 70

Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,

Of dumps so dull and heavy ;

The fraud of men was ever so,

Since summer first was leavy :

Then sigh not so, etc.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

58. *crotchets*, whimsies (with
 a quibble).

59. *nothing*; a pun is intended
 on 'noing.'

71. *Hey nonny, nonny*, the
 refrain of various (mostly light
 and sportive) songs.

73. *dumps*, melancholy.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift. 80

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. 90

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthasar.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to 100 abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection: it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of 110 passion as she discovers it.

84. *the night-raven*, whose cry was bodeful. 106. *infinite*, infinitude, boundless reach.

sc. III Much Ado About Nothing

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well ; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me : I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection. 120

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord ; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it : knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection : hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No ; and swears she never will : that's her torment. 130

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed ; so your daughter says : 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him ; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper : my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I 140 remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand

123. *gull*, trick.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

halfpence ; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her ; ' I measure him,' says she, ' by my own spirit ; for I should flout him, if he writ to me ; yea, ¹⁵⁰ though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses ; ' O sweet Benedick ! God give me patience !'

Leon. She doth indeed ; my daughter says so : and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself : it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of ¹⁶⁰ it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. ' To what end ? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady ; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood com- ¹⁷⁰ bating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me : I would have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you ?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die ; for ¹⁸⁰ she says she will die, if he love her not, and she

157. *ecstasy*, madness.

176. *daffed*, doffed, set aside.

sc. III Much Ado About Nothing

will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward 190
happiness.

Claud. Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. 200

Leon. If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first. 210

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love

185. *make tender of*, offer.

attractive form and features.

187. *contemptible*, scornful.

206. *large*, 'broad.'

190. *good outward happiness*,

209. *wear it out*, efface it.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT II

Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. 220

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*]

Bene. [*Coming forward*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to 230
pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I 240
cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in

229. *sadly borne*, conducted with gravity.

245. *quirks*, jests.

sc. III Much Ado About Nothing

his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? ²⁵⁰
No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been ²⁶⁰
painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well.

[Exit.

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is ²⁷⁰
as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. *[Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. LEONATO'S garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour ;
 There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
 Proposing with the prince and Claudio :
 Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula
 Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse
 Is all of her ; say that thou overheard'st us ;
 And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
 Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride 10
 Against that power that bred it : there will she
 hide her,

To listen our propose. This is thy office ;
 Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you,
 presently. *[Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
 As we do trace this alley up and down,
 Our talk must only be of Benedick.
 When I do name him, let it be thy part
 To praise him more than ever man did merit :
 My talk to thee must be how Benedick 20
 Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
 That only wounds by hearsay.

3. *Proposing*, conversing.
 12. *propose*, discourse. So Q ; Ff 'purpose.'

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

Now begin ;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

30

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.

[Approaching the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful ;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince and my new-trothed
lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it,
madam ?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it ;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

40

Urs. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero. O god of love ! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice ;

50

36. *haggards*, wild untrained hawks.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT III

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Misprising what they look on, and her wit
 Values itself so highly that to her
 All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
 Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
 She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so ;
 And therefore certainly it were not good
 She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw
 man,
 How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured, 60
 But she would spell him backward : if fair-faced,
 She would swear the gentleman should be her sister ;
 If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
 Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;
 If low, an agate very vilely cut ;
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
 If silent, why, a block moved with none.
 So turns she every man the wrong side out,
 And never gives to truth and virtue that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 70

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commend-
 able.

Hero. No, not to be so odd and from all fashions
 As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable :
 But who dare tell her so ? If I should speak,
 She would mock me into air ; O, she would laugh
 me
 Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
 Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

52. *Misprising*, undervaluing.

63. *black*, of dark complexion.

ib. *antic*, buffoon.

65. *an agate* ; often worn in
 rings, with little figures cut in
 it ; hence a symbol for smallness.

72. *from all fashions*, uncon-
 ventional.

76. *press me to death with
 wit* ; alluding to the torture of
 crushing with heavy weights (the
 'peine forte et dure').

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly :
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80

Urs. Yet tell her of it : hear what she will say.

Hero. No ; rather I will go to Benedick
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with : one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgement—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have—as to refuse 90
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy : Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam ? 100

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in :
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's limed, I warrant you : we have
caught her, madam.

Hero. If it proves so, then loving goes by haps :
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

Beat. [*Coming forward*] What fire is in mine
ears ? Can this be true ?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much ?

101. *every day* ; Hero plays tion : from to-morrow she will
upon the ambiguity of the ques- be 'every day' a married woman.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT III

Contempt, farewell ! and maiden pride, adieu !

No glory lives behind the back of such.

110

And, Benedick, love on ; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand :

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band ;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A room in LEONATO's house.*

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.*

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company ; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth : he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string and the little hangman dare not shoot at him : he hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks. 10

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I : methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant ! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love : if he be sad, he wants money. 20

116. *reportingly*, on hearsay. general, whatever the mode of

11. *hangman*, executioner (in death).

sc. II Much Ado About Nothing

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

39

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

40

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

50

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

22. *Draw it. Hang it!* Benedick quibbles on 'draw' in the sense of 'drag on hurdles to execution.' The quibble recurs in *Meas. for Meas.* ii. 1. 215.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT III

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops. 60

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards. 70

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet. 80

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

68. *conditions*, disposition. its natural consummation.

70. *shall be buried with her face upwards*, i.e. shall be united 75. *hobby-horses*, dolts.

with Benedick, a 'burial' in 83. *Good den*, Good e'en,
which her 'dying for love' finds Good evening.

sc. II Much Ado About Nothing

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you : yet Count Claudio may hear ; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What 's the matter ?

98

D. John. [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow ?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not : let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think 100 he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage ;—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what 's the matter ?

D. John. I came hither to tell you ; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero ?

D. John. Even she ; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero. 110

Claud. Disloyal ?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness ; I could say she were worse : think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant : go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day : if you

99. *aim better at me, form a* 101. *holds you well, is attached*
truer opinion of me. to you.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT III

love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

120

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

130

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

10

sc. III Much Ado About Nothing

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole : for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have : I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge : you shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name. 29

Sec. Watch. How if a' will not stand ?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave. 30

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk : we know what belongs to a watch. 40

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend : only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT III

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you 50
took them for.

Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the 60
most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it. 70

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may 80
stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot. 60

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him : marry, not without the prince be willing ; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man : and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah, ha ! Well, masters, good night :
an there be any matter of weight chances, call
up me : keep your fellows' counsels and your
own : and good night. Come, neighbour.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech you. 100
[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade !

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say !

Con. Here, man ; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-
house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true
drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

100. *coil*, disturbance.

110. *pent-house*, a porch or

107. *scab*, low fellow (with a quibble). shed with a projecting roof.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT III

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when ¹²⁰ rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the ¹³⁰ fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside*] I know that Deformed: a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about ¹⁴⁰ all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

143. *reechy*, smoky.

144. *Bel*, the god of the Chaldeans.

145. *the shaven Hercules*;

probably a representative of Hercules, disguised as a woman, in the service of Omphale.

sc. III Much Ado About Nothing

Con. All this I see ; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion ? 150

Bora. Not so, neither : but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero : she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely : —I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 160

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero ?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio ; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret ; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged ; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night and send her home again without a husband. 170

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand !

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth. 180

155. *me*, the ethical dative.

161. *amiable encounter*, tender meeting.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT III

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them : I know him ; a' wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

First Watch. Never speak : we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. HERO'S apartment.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, 's not so good ; and I warrant your cousin will say so. 10

Hero. My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another : I'll wear none but this.

183. *lock*, a 'love-lock,' a long lock tied with ribbon, hanging down behind the ear.

189. *obey*, for 'command.'

191. *taken up of these men's bills*, bought up on their credit, with a play on the legal sense : 'arrested in virtue of their hal-

berds' (the official weapon of watchmen).

192. *in question*, in demand (with a similar allusion to the legal sense of question : trial at law), 'wanted.'

6. *rabato*, collar.

sc. iv Much Ado About Nothing

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, ²⁰ side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? ³⁰ Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband:' an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband'? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero. ⁴⁰

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

13. *tire*, head-dress.

gown.

18. *night-gown*, dressing-

21. *underborne*, trimmed.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT III

Marg. Clap's into 'Light o' love;' that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn 50
that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one 60
their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely? 70

44. '*Light o' love*,' the name of an old dance-tune, hence proverbial for levity in love; cf. *Two Gent. of Ver.* i. 2. 83.

47. *with your heels* (carrying on the notion of the 'light o' love'), agile, i.e. fickle, in love.

49. *barns* (with a play upon 'bairns').

56. *H*, 'ache' (then pronounced, like the letter, 'atch'). Beatrice also uses 'for' in its sense of 'arising from.'

57. *turned Turk*. Beatrice has, it is insinuated, become an infidel to her professed creed of scorn for men.

68. *professed apprehension* set up for a wit.

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled *Carduus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickest her with a thistle.

Beat. *Benedictus*! why *Benedictus*? you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love; nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

[*Exeunt.*]

73. *Carduus Benedictus*, the holy-thistle, regarded in the later sixteenth century as a panacea. 'This herb may worthily be called *Benedictus*, or *Omnimorbia*, that is, a salve for every sore, not known to physicians of old time' (Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1589).
80. *holy-thistle*; cf. last note.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT III

SCENE V. *Another room in LEONATO's house.*

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off 10
the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious. 20

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more

3. *confidence*, for 'conference.'

18. *palabras*, a corruption of the Span. *pocas palabras*, i.e. 'few words.' It appears as

paucas pallabris, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induct. 1. 5.

23. *tedious*; Dogberry understands by the word 'gracious,' or the like.

than 'tis ; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city ; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

30

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir ; he will be talking : as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out : God help us ! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges : well, God's a good man ; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir ; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread ; but God is to be worshipped ; all men are not alike ; alas, good neighbour !

40

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir : our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

50

Leon. Take their examination yourself and bring it me : I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go : fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

60

Leon. I'll wait upon them : I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.]

Much Ado About Nothing ACT IV

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, *and attendants.*

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impedi-

67. *noncome*, properly an abbreviation for *non compos mentis*, 'of unsound mind'; but Dog-

berry means: to a *nonplus*.

69. *excommunication*, for 'examination.'

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

ment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! 20

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back
whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again. 30

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again:

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none: 40

22. *Why, then, some be of laughing*, etc., a quotation from the classification of interjections in the current school-grammars; cf. Lyly's *Endym.*: 'An interjection, whereof some are of mourning, as eho! vah!'

31. *learn*, teach.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT IV

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed ;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord ?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say : if I have
known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband, 50
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin :
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large ;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?

Claud. Out on thee ! Seeming ! I will write
against it :
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown ;
But you are more intemperate in your blood 60
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so
wide ?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you ?

D. Pedro. What should I speak ?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but
dream ?

42. *luxurious*, lustful.

45. *approved*, proved.

46. *in your own proof*, your-
self making trial of her.

51. *the 'forehand sin*, an act
which was sinful only because
premature.

53. *large*, free, loose.

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things
are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here? 70

Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your
daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my
child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!

What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name. 80

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my
lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.

Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother and this grieved count 90

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

93. *liberal*, licentious.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT IV

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named,
my lord,

Not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment. 100

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for
me? [*Hero swoons.* 110

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink
you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come
thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up? 120

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly
thing

107. conjecture, suspicion.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT IV

Friar. Hear me a little ;
 For I have only been silent so long
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady : I have mark'd 160
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face ; a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness beat away those blushes ;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool ;
 Trust not my reading nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity, 170
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
 Under some biting error.

Leon. *Friar,* it cannot be.
 Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
 Is that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury ; she not denies it :
 Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
 That which appears in proper nakedness ?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of ?

Hero. They know that do accuse me ; I know
 none :

If I know more of any man alive 180
 Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
 Let all my sins lack mercy ! O my father,
 Prove you that any man with me conversed
 At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
 Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
 Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death !

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the
 princes.

168. *experimental seal*, the
 seal of experience.

187. *misprision*, misappre-
 hension.

sc. 1 Much Ado About Nothing

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour ;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard, 190
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind, 200
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead :
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed ;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial. 210

Leon. What shall become of this ? what will this do ?

Friar. Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,

190. *practice*, artifice.

191. *in frame*, in the framing.

Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
 Of every hearer : for it so falls out
 That what we have we prize not to the worth 220
 Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value, then we find
 The virtue that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio :
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination,
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
 More moving-delicate and full of life, 230
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she lived indeed ; then shall he mourn,
 If ever love had interest in his liver,
 And wish he had not so accused her,
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death 240
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
 And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
 As best befits her wounded reputation,
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :
 And though you know my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this

222. *rack*, i.e. strain to its utmost extent.

227. *his study of imagination*, his brooding fancy.

233. *liver*, 'heart.' Both organs were conventionally re-

garded as seats of the passions.

236. *success*, the issue.

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

250

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented : presently away ;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live : this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd : have patience and
endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while ?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason ; I do it freely. 260

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is
wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
me that would right her !

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship ?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it ?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as
you : is not that strange ? 270

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It
were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so
well as you : but believe me not ; and yet I lie
not ; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I
am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me ; and
I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word ? 280

256. *prolong'd*, deferred.

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it.

I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee. 290

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than 300
fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,— 310

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

305. *bear her in hand*, delude her with false hopes.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties ! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect ; a sweet gallant, surely ! O that I were a man for his sake ! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake ! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too : he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero ?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged ; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin : I must say she is dead : and so, farewell.

[*Exeunt.* 340

SCENE II. *A prison.*

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns ; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appeared ?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors ?

317. *counties, counts.*

318. *Comfect, confit, sweetmeat.*

sc. II Much Ado About Nothing

examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the efastest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men. 40

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. 50

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else? 60

Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dog. Come, let them be opinioned.

38. *efest*, quickest, most convenient; probably a confusion between 'eftsoons, soon, and 'deftest.'

Much Ado About Nothing ACT IV

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. 10
What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. }

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve 20
God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves. 30

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to

5. *the exhibition to examine,* ally conduct).
probably for 'the examination
to exhibit' (i.e. present, offici- 21. *defend,* forbid.

Much Ado About Nothing

ACT V

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

70

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. 80 No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.* 90

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before LEONATO'S house*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief

70, 71. *Let . . . coxcomb.* Q ('Sexton'). Warburton proposed the divisions followed in speech, which Q gives to Verges the text.
('Cowley') and Ff to Dogberry

Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience ; 10
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man : for, brother, men 20
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words :
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency

12. *answer every strain for strain*, correspond, pang for pang (with my woe).

16. *Bid sorrow wag*, bid it go its way, dismiss it. This is Capell's emendation for Q and Ff, 'and sorrow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan.' This would make 'sorrow' the sub-

ject of 'patch grief,' etc.

17. *make . . . drunk with candle-wasters*, drown grief in converse with hard students. 'Candle-waster' was a recognised equivalent for 'bookworm.'

24. *preceptual medicine*, remedial precepts.

28. *wring*, writhe.

Much Ado About Nothing

ACT V

To be so moral when he shall endure 30
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and
blood ;

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself ;
Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40

Leon. There thou speak'st reason : nay, I will
do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied ;
And that shall Claudio know ; so shall the prince
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord ! well, fare you well,
my lord :

Are you so hasty now ? well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old
man. 50

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him ?

30. *so moral*, so full of moral precepts.

32. *advertisement*, counsel.

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me ; thou dissembler, thou :—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword ;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear :
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man ; never fleer and jest at me :

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag 60
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me
That I am forced to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child ;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors ;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany !

Claud. My villany ?

Leon. Thine, Claudio ; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away ! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast kill'd
my child :

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

58. *fleer*, grin.

62. *to thy head*, to thy face.

65. *bruise of many days*, furrows of age.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT V

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed : 80
 But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ;
 Win me and wear me ; let him answer me.
 Come, follow me, boy ; come, sir boy, come, follow
 me :

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;
 Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved
 my niece ;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
 That dare as well answer a man indeed
 As I dare take a serpent by the tongue : 90
 Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops !

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man ! I know
 them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
 That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander,
 Go anticly, show outward hideousness,
 And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
 How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst ;
 And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter : 100
 Do not you meddle ; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake
 your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death :
 But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
 But what was true and very full of proof.

84. *foining*, thrashing.

94. *Scamling*, scrambling.

ib. *out-facing*, brazen-faced.

ib. *fashion-monging*, fashion-

mongering, foppish.

95. *cog*, cheat.

ib. *flout*, mock.

96. *anticly*, like an antic,
 fantastically.

sc. I Much Ado About Nothing

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*]

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

110

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord. .

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. 120
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks 130
pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though

123. *high-proof melancholy*,
melancholy to the highest de-
gree.

129. *as we do the minstrels*,
i.e. as we bid them draw their
bows across their instruments.

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well ; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised 160
thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine
wit : 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,'
said I, 'a great wit : ' 'Right,' says she, 'a great
gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit : ' 'Just,'
said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the
gentleman is wise : ' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise
gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues : '
'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing
to me on Monday night, which he forswore on
Tuesday morning ; there's a double tongue ; 170
there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour
together, trans-shape thy particular virtues : yet
at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the
properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily and said
she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did ; but yet, for all
that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would
love him dearly : the old man's daughter told us
all. 180

Claud. All, all ; and, moreover, God saw him
when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage
bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head ?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells
Benedick the married man' ?

Bene. Fare you well, boy : you know my mind.
I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour :
you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which,
God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your 190

166. 'a wise gentleman,' one do their blades, fling them reck-
with more discretion than valour. lessly out. The braggarts

186. *Benedick the married* 'break' their blades in the
man ; cf. i. i. 269. figurative sense suggested by

189. *break jests as braggarts* the 'breaking' of jests.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT V

care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed. 140

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. 150
Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

133. *care killed a cat*; 'care will kill a cat' was a proverb, cats having nine lives and being hence difficult to kill.

135. *meet in the career*, tilt against, meet with a counter-charge (a technical phrase of the tournament).

138. *staff*, lance.

139. *broke cross*, broken across the opponent's body. This was

considered disgraceful; hence Claudio's taunt.

142. *turn his girdle*, give a challenge. To turn the girdle so that the clasp was at the rear instead of in front, was part of the preparation for a wrestling match; hence the figure.

156. *capon*; used contemptuously. Possibly a pun on (fool's) 'cap on.'

158. *woodcock*, i.e. a fool.

many courtesies I thank you : I must discontinue your company : your brother the bastard is fled from Messina : you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet ; and, till then, peace be with him. *[Exit.*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest ; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee. 200

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit !

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape ; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be : pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled ?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dog. Come you, sir : if justice cannot tame you, 210
she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance : nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now ? two of my brother's men bound ! Borachio one !

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done ?

202. when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit, i.e. puts off his proper apparel of good sense (compared to the cloak usually worn over the doublet and hose). There is a sub-allusion to the custom of taking off the cloak before fighting a duel.
208. sad, serious.

Much Ado About Nothing

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report ; moreover, they have spoken untruths ; ²²⁰ secondarily, they are slanders ; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady ; thirdly, they have verified unjust things ; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done : thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence : sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division ; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ²³⁰ suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer ? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood ; what's your offence ?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer : do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes : what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light ; who in the ²⁴⁰ night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disgraced her, when you should marry her : my villany they have upon record ; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation ; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a ²⁵⁰ villain.

221. *slanders*, slanderers.

233. *bound to your answer*,

229. *division*, distribution, arrangement (of the matter).

called to account.

234. *cunning*, ingenious.

sc. 1 Much Ado About Nothing

Leon. No, not so, villain ; thou beliest thyself :
 Here stand a pair of honourable men ;
 A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
 I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death :
 Record it with your high and worthy deeds :
 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it. 280

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience ;
 Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself ;
 Impose me to what penance your invention
 Can lay upon my sin : yet sinn'd I not
 But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I :
 And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
 I would bend under any heavy weight
 That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live ;
 That were impossible : but, I pray you both,
 Possess the people in Messina here 290
 How innocent she died ; and if your love
 Can labour aught in sad invention,
 Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
 And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night :
 To-morrow morning come you to my house,
 And since you could not be my son-in-law,
 Be yet my nephew : my brother hath a daughter,
 Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
 And she alone is heir to both of us :
 Give her the right you should have given her cousin, 300
 And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
 Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me !
 I do embrace your offer ; and dispose
 For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming ;
 To-night I take my leave. This naughty man

290. Possess, inform.

306. naughty, wicked.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT V

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through
your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to
this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice
of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of
treachery:

And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first. 260

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this
time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of
the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify,
when time and place shall serve, that I am an
ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato,
and the sexton too.

*Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the
Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him, 270
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look
on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath
hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

261. *plaintiffs*, a double blun-
der; Borachio and Conrade being
not 'defendants' (in a civil ac-
tion) but prisoners (in a criminal
one).

263. *specify*; Dogberry can
only have blundered into this
correct use of so technical a
word; he meant to say 'testify.'

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me, ³¹⁰
But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under
white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me ass : I beseech you, let it be remembered
in his punishment. And also, the watch heard
them talk of one Deformed : they say he wears
a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and
borrows money in God's name, the which he hath
used so long and never paid that now men grow ³²⁰
hard-hearted and will lend nothing for God's sake :
pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful
and reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation !

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and
I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship ; ³³⁰
which I beseech your worship to correct yourself,
for the example of others. God keep your wor-
ship ! I wish your worship well ; God restore you
to health ! I humbly give you leave to depart ; and
if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit
it ! Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

303. *pack'd in*, put up to.

312. *by*, of.

318. *borrows money in God's*
name, begs it.

327. *God save the foundation!*

The formula of thanksgiving
uttered by those who received
alms from a religious house.

sc. II Much Ado About Nothing

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords : we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret,

349

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. LEONATO'S garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it ; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me ! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

10

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth ; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret ; it will not hurt a woman : and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice : I give thee the bucklers.

6. *style* ; a play upon 'stile' ;
'come over it' also conceals
an equivoque, which Margaret
characteristically catches at.

12. *catches*, holds fast.

17. *give thee the bucklers*, i.e.
surrender, confess you to be
victor.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT V

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put 20
in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come.

[Exit Margaret.]

[Sings] The god of love,
 That sits above,
 And knows me, and knows me,
 How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good 30
swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a 40
rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

21. *pikes*, the spiked centre-pieces in sixteenth-century bucklers. knights,' frequenters of ladies' bowers (like our 'drawing-room hero').

32. *carpet-mongers*, 'carpet-

sc. II Much Ado About Nothing

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now; and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will 50
kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first 60
fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it 70
for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that

47. *came*, i.e. came for.

days, and which had force

78. *an old instance*, an argument derived from the good old

('lived') when men might trust their neighbours to praise them.

lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps. 80

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin? 90

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently? 100

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*]

81. *in monument*, in memory.

85. *rheum*, tears.

86. *Don Worm*, his conscience; the 'gnawing' of conscience was popularly attributed

to a worm; hence the worm was an emblem of remorse. Cf. 'The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul,' *Rich. III.* i. 3. 222.

98. *old coil*, 'a rare to-do.'

SCENE III. *A church.*

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and three or four
with tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reading out of a scroll*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies :
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

10

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight ;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily :
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

20

19-21. *Graves, yawn, etc.* These not very lucid verses are best understood as a parallel to the three preceding ones. As 'Midnight' is there summoned to join in the chorus of grief, so here the shades of the dead are

called up to share in the commemoration until Hero's requiem be chanted to the end.

21. *Heavily, heavily.* If have 'heavenly, heavenly' ; but the words are best understood of the grievous song of death.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT V

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night !
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters ; put your
torches out :

The wolves have prey'd ; and look, the gentle
day,

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us : fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters : each his several
way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on
other weeds ;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue
speed's

Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in LEONATO'S house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE,
MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, *and*
HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who
accused her

Upon the error that you heard debated :

But Margaret was in some fault for this,

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,

And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me ; one of them. 20

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her : 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince : but what's your will ?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *and two or*

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow,

We here attend you. Are you yet determined

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth, brother ; here's the friar ready. [Exit Antonio.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,

40

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man ; we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat 50
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Claud. For this I owe you : here comes other reckonings.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies masked.

Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand : before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife :

[Unmasking. 60

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero !

Hero. Nothing certainer :

One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

sc. iv Much Ado About Nothing

D. Pedro. The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify :

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :

Meantime let wonder seem familiar,

70

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice ?

Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will ?

Bene. Do not you love me ?

Beat. Why, no ; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle and the prince and Claudio

Have been deceived ; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me ?

Bene. Troth, no ; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin Margaret and Ursula Are much deceived ; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

80

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me ?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her ;

For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another

87. of his own pure brain, of his unaided invention.

Much Ado About Nothing ACT V

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90

Bene. A miracle ! here 's our own hands against
our hearts. Come, I will have thee ; but, by this
light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you ; but, by this good
day, I yield upon great persuasion ; and partly to
save your life, for I was told you were in a con-
sumption.

Bene. Peace ! I will stop your mouth.

[*Kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the
married man ? 100

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince ; a college of
wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour.
Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram ?
No : if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall
wear nothing handsome about him. In brief,
since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing
to any purpose that the world can say against it ;
and therefore never flout at me for what I have
said against it ; for man is a giddy thing, and this
is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did 110
think to have beaten thee ; but in that thou art
like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my
cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have
denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee
out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer ;
which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin
do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends : let's have
a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten 120
our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word ; therefore play, music.

sc. iv Much Ado About Nothing

Prince, thou art sad ; get thee a wife, get thee a wife : there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow : I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike ¹³⁰
up, pipers. [*Dance. Exeunt.*

126. *tipped with horn*, i.e. with a horn ferrule.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU, an old lord.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

Steward,

LAVACHE, a Clown, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.

A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, }

MARIANA, } neighbours and friends to the Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE : *Rousillon ; Paris ; Florence ; Marseilles.*

Dramatis Personæ. In Ff *Rousillon* commonly appears as *Rossillion*, *Helena* as *Hellen*.

INTRODUCTION

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL was first printed in the Folio of 1623. It is there divided into acts, but not into scenes. The printing is careless, and the text offers many problems. External clues to the date are wholly wanting. No early performance is recorded; no early mention of the play had been found. The internal evidence is complicated. Coleridge was the first to insist upon the sharp inequalities of style, which point to a partial revision by Shakespeare of an earlier piece of his own, much of which he retained intact. Side by side with the supple, sinewy dramatic verse of the *Hamlet* period, we have speeches full of the lyrical sweetness and the dainty artifice of the earliest comedies, with a singular abundance of rhyme. The mere use of rhyme tells us little, and the so-called 'rhyme-test' is almost useless as a guide to date. For two purposes, at least, Shakespeare continued to use it as late as *Othello*. It marks a sudden lyrical exaltation (as in Beatrice's outburst, *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 107 f.) or sententious reflections (as in the moral conclusions of the duke and Brabantio in *Othello*, i. 3. 198-219). On the other hand, its use in ordinary dialogue, or in letters, is characteristic of plays not later than 1595.

Some of the rhymed passages in our play which

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have been claimed as 'early' belong to one or other of the former classes: *e.g.* Helen's often-quoted lines (i. i. 231-244):

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven ;

and the countess' reflections upon Helen's love (i. 3. 134 f.). They may be early, but the 'test' is not here decisive. On the other hand, a grave suspicion of 'earliness' rests both upon the two rhymed letters of Helen (iii. 4) and Parolles (iv. 3); and upon several scenes in which rhyme is used as a vehicle for pure 'business.' These are: Helen's first interview with the king (ii. i. 132-212), much of the choosing-scene (ii. 3. 106 f.), and the greater part of the *dénoûment* (v. 3). Just these passages, moreover, abound in conceits, verbal antitheses, and other more decisive marks of early manner, *e.g.* ii. i. 160-1:

But know I think, and think I know most sure
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

Similarly in ii. i. 136, 146, 171, etc. Most striking of all perhaps is Helen's mode of defining 'within what space she hopes the king's cure.'

The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass, etc.

This was by no means meant for burlesque; but nothing that Shakespeare has written is so like it as the burlesque verses of the player king and queen in *Hamlet*. Those verses do but exaggerate his own manner of twelve or fourteen years earlier. And the

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manner of the player king hardly differs more from that of Hamlet's soliloquies than do these couplets from the great soliloquy of Helen at the close of iii. 2. :

Poor lord ! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim ; move the still-piecing air,
That sings with piercing ; do not touch my lord.
 . . . No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all : I will be gone ;
My being here it is that holds thee hence :
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house
And angels officed all. . . .

Not only the verse but many parallel thoughts, and much in the working out of character, connect the play with the *Hamlet* period. Helen has been described as a kind of antithesis to Hamlet, in her clear purpose and resolute will ; her quiet intensity and absence of humour associate her with Isabel, the device which restores her wedded rights, with Mariana. The marks of early date thus attach themselves to scenes which form the very framework of the plot.

Nothing is known of an earlier form of the play under the same title ; but it is plausibly supposed that this may have been the 'Love's Labour's Wonne,' mentioned by Meres in 1598 among the best comedies of Shakespeare. The only serious competitor for this honour is *The Taming of the Shrew*, whose claims have been well urged by Hertzberg.

All's Well That Ends Well

In that play there are certainly 'labours,' and that labours are 'won'; but it is marital authority that labours and wins, not love.

The plot was founded upon Boccaccio's tale of Giletta (Giglietta) of Narbonne (*Decameron*, iii. 9), as translated in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566-7).¹ Giletta, unlike Helen, is rich, and many seek her hand. She burns for love of young Beltramo, her childish playfellow, now at the French king's court, but cannot escape the strict surveillance of her relatives. Then she hears of the king's incurable disease and is 'wonderfully glad.' She goes to Paris, and the first thing she went about when she came thither was to see the Count Beltramo. She then makes her bargain with the king. On his cure she promptly names her choice. The king is 'very loth' to grant him to her, but will not break his promise. Beltramo goes through the form of marriage, and then hurries away to the Florentine wars, with a mocking intimation of the conditions on which she may be his wife. She fulfils the conditions, as in the play. Beltramo returns to Rousillon. Giletta, upon the birth of her twin sons, proceeds with them thither, presents them to her husband, with the ring, and is by him at length accepted as his lawful wife.

Like the other Tales of the Third Day, this was designed to tell of one 'who gained by exertion something he desired.' It is a story of hard-won love, with the usual parts inverted. Giletta is the bold and resolute lover, who succeeds in spite of all obstacles in winning the hand of her chosen bridegroom.

Such a conception was reconcilable enough with the conventional types of womanhood which Shake-

¹ That Shakespeare worked from his using Painter's French from the translation appears term 'Senois' for the Siennese.

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speare represented, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* or *The Two Gentlemen*, pursuing a reluctant or faithless lover. The original Helena was probably sketched with the same facile reliance upon romantic convention as the Athenian Helena and the Veronese Julia. But the closer study of refined women from the life, which becomes apparent in Portia, shook the credit of this favourite device. In *Twelfth Night* he simply eliminates the *motif* of pursuit, which he found in the story of Silla and Apollonius, and makes Viola love the duke only after having taken service with him, instead of taking service that she may prosecute her love. In the present play he undertook a far more difficult problem: that of keeping the romantic story in all essential circumstances intact, and yet making it plausible as the action of a noble, refined woman of the modern world.

This was effected, in the finished play, by a subtle elaboration of the characters which affect Helen's career and create the atmosphere in which she moves, quite as much as by the exquisite portrayal of Helen herself. The Countess, Lafeu, Parolles, the Steward, and the Clown, are all original additions. Shakespeare has rarely dwelt upon those class antagonisms of noble and bourgeois which enter so largely into modern fiction; as rarely the relation between mother and daughter. His Countess ignores the one and assumes the other,—a silent tribute to Helen's distinction of character, as to her own. Lafeu is an aristocrat of the same genial type, who betrays only indignant wonder when the young nobles of the court appear to refuse the proffered hand of the poor physician's daughter. The king himself instead of being 'very loth' at Helen's choice, accepts it with cordial alacrity, and checks Bertram's scorn by a frankly democratic speech which saps the basis of

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the whole fabric of social distinctions founded upon blood (ii. 3. 124 f.):

(ll. 3. 124 l.): honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers. . . .
 She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour.

In a society which thus forgets its aristocratic prejudices under the spell of her personality, the outward obstacles to Helen's shy ambition melt away of themselves: she is rather drawn forward than repelled. The tribute to her power and charm is the more marked since she is not like Giletta, rich.

The general enlightenment gives to Bertram's resistance an air of stolid obstinacy. And Shakespeare has been at no pains to qualify the impression. Helen's idol is still less worthy than Giletta's of the love he inspires.

The complications of the final scene which Shakespeare has substituted for the simple solution of the novel, serve not only to sustain the suspense to the close but to bring into glaring relief the moral worthlessness of Bertram. This is effected mainly by the device of the second ring, which Helen puts upon Bertram's finger at Florence. Confronted gradually with the evidence, Bertram lies and boggles pitifully, and comes out of the inquisition acquitted of crime but steeped in dishonour. His fatuity is emphasised by the companionship of Parolles. The original Parolles may be surmised to have been a humorous attendant of the type variously represented in the earlier Comedies by Speed and Launce, the Dromios, Moth, and Launcelot Gobbo. But in his final form comic effect has all but vanished under the stress of a scorn too mordant for laughter. He is a fellow of Pistol and of Thersites, a wordy pre-

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tender to valour who suffers a still more elaborate and cruel exposure than Fluellen and Margarelon inflict upon them. The 'insupportable vexations' to which Lafeu subjects him in atonement for having thought him, 'for two ordinaries, a pretty wise fellow' (ii. 3), hardly come nearer to comic mirth. Bertram's solitary blindness to the vices of the man of words (*paroles*) serves to explain his solitary blindness to the nobility of the woman of quiet resolve.

But these traits, which go to render the story plausible, confessedly fail to render it pleasing. Boccaccio's bold adventuress, who plays her game for a man of the world and wins it, is a far less attractive figure than the pure and exquisite Helena of Shakespeare, but she touches less jarring chords. Or their dissonance is less felt because her whole character is less finely tuned. Shakespeare's best women commonly love a man of meaner worth than their own; Romeo, Bassanio, Orlando, Benedick, the Duke (in *Twelfth Night*) are all, on a mere comparison of merit, fortunate in the wives they win: but he had never yet pictured the tragic perversion of a maiden passion, as he does here. It is a picture characteristic of the years when, in *Julius Cæsar* and in *Hamlet*, he was laying bare, with deepening irony, the fatalities which lie in wait for the weaknesses of noble characters. The issues are here less grave, but the irony is even more pronounced, in so far as Helen's passion for Bertram seems to spring not from any flaw in her clear and penetrating mind, but from something fundamentally irrational in the nature of love itself. Christian idealism sees the peculiar glory of love in its power of transcending and ignoring distinctions of merit, and pouring itself forth on the mean and lowly. Modern Romanticism, from a kindred but distinct point of view, has delighted to

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picture the salvation of a worthless man by a woman's devoted love. But neither of these transcendent ways of looking at love is anywhere suggested in Shakespeare. Helen's love is an idolatry, and finds its highest expression in adoring self-subjection :

I dare not say I take you ; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.

Yet the triumph of her love is merely external. She has satisfied the conditions and her husband consents to take her home ; but of the sequel we are left to form what ominous conjecture we may from the perfunctory declaration of the 'shrewd boggler' in the last lines :

If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.*

*Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS of ROUSILLON,
HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury
a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my
father's death anew : but I must attend his majesty's
command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore
in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband,
madam ; you, sir, a father : he that so generally
is at all times good must of necessity hold his
virtue to you ; whose worthiness would stir it up ¹⁰
where it wanted rather than lack it where there
is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's
amendment ?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam ;
under whose practices he hath persecuted time

^{16.} *persecuted time with hope.* he used against time,—with no
His 'hope'—that the 'time' of further result than to spoil its
his disease would be cut short— edge.
is conceived as a weapon which

with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, —O, that 'had'! how sad a passage 'tis!—whose 20
skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de 30
Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before. 40

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her 50

20. how sad a passage 'tis, ' what a grievous passing away lies in this " had " !'

SC. I All's Well That Ends Well

they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than 60 have it.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father. 70

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, 80
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

58. *livelihood*, liveliness.

74. *be able for*, be a match for.

78. *furnish*, enrich, endow.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.
[*Exit.*]

Ber. [*To Helena*] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*]

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father;

90

And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.

I am undone: there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one

That I should love a bright particular star

And think to wed it, he is so above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

100

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:

The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw

His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

In our heart's table; heart too capable

Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy

Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

91. *these great tears grace his remembrance more than those I shed for him*, i.e. her 'great tears' at Bertram's departure, shed, as the Countess and Lafeu supposed, for her father, betray a far deeper grief than those she

had actually shed for him.

94. *favour*, countenance.

99. *collateral*, derived, indirect.

105. *hawking*, piercing.

106. *capable of*, susceptible to.

Enter PAROLLES.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for
his sake ; 110

And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind : withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen !

Hel. And you, monarch !

Par. No.

Hel. And no. 120

Par. Are you meditating on virginity ?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in
you : let me ask you a question. Man is enemy
to virginity ; how may we barricado it against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails ; and our virginity, though
valiant, in the defence yet is weak ; unfold to us
some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none : man, sitting down before
you, will undermine you and blow you up. 130

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers
and blowers up ! Is there no military policy, how
virgins might blow up men ?

112. *solely*, absolutely.

114. *take place*, procure him
rank, position.

114. *steely*, rigorous, inflexible.

115. *Look*. Ff 'lookes,' which
may be right.

116. *Cold*, shivering.

ib. *superfluous*, luxurious.

118. *monarch*. This is pos-
sibly a play on the 'fantastical
monarcho' referred to in *Love's*

Lab. Lost, iv. 1. 101.

121-178. This passage has
been with reason suspected. It
is rash to assert that Shake-
speare's Helen, bold with the
security of strength, could not
have permitted herself such
license of jest. But there is
evidence of patching at v. 179 ;
and the passage is probably a
relic of the earlier play. See
further, note to 179.

122. *stain*, dash.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT I

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That 140 you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't!

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is 150 a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and 160 the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth:

155. *his*, its.

mer's emendation for Ff *ten*

159. *ten year . . . ten*; Han- *year . . . two*.

sc. 1 All's Well That Ends Well

off with 't while 'tis vendible ; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion : richly suited, but unsuit- 170 able : just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek : and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks ill, it eats drily ; marry, 'tis a withered pear ; it was formerly better ; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear : will you any thing with it ?

Hel. Not my virginity yet. . . .

There shall your master have a thousand loves, 180

A mother and a mistress and a friend,

A phoenix, captain and an enemy,

A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,

A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear ;

His humble ambition, proud humility,

His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,

His faith, his sweet disaster ; with a world

Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,

That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—

I know not what he shall. God send him well ! 190

The court's a learning place, and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith ?

Hel. That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,

172. *date*, (1) time of life,
(2) the fruit.

179. There is clearly a hiatus here. Hanmer attempted to patch it by reading : *yet, You're for the court* in v. 179, Malone by reading : *with it ? I am now bound for the court* in v. 178. But neither forms a sufficient transition to Helen's speech.

More probably the preceding dialogue (from v. 122) has been clumsily pieced with the context, involving the loss of at least several lines.

188. *adoptious christendoms*, names arbitrarily given.

189. *That . . . gossips*, for which Cupid stands sponsor ; which Love invents.

All's Well That Ends Well

ACT I

Which might be felt ; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which never
Returns us thanks.

200

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.
[*Exit.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell : if I can remember
thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under
a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under that
you must needs be born under Mars.

210

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes
the safety : but the composition that your valour
and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing,
and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot ²²⁰
answer thee acutely. I will return perfect
courtier ; in the which, my instruction shall serve
to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a
courtier's counsel and understand what advice
shall thrust upon thee ; else thou diest in thine
unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee
away : farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy

199. *alone must think*, may only think.

sc. II All's Well That Ends Well

prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [Exit. 230]

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose 240
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me.
[Exit.]

SCENE II. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A braving war.

First Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us

237. *The mightiest space in fortune, things divided in fortune by the utmost space.*

1. *Senoys, Siennese.*
3. *braving, defiant.*
6. *move us, appeal to us.*

For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business and would seem
To have us make denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead 10
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes .
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here ?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good
lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face ;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral
parts

Mayst thou inherit too ! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership ! He did look far
Into the service of the time and was
Disciplined of the bravest : he lasted long ;
But on us both did haggish age steal on

17. *breathing*, exercise.

20. *curious*, minutely care-
ful.

26. *he did look far into the
service of the time*, had keen
insight in the affairs of war.

sc. II All's Well That Ends Well

And wore us out of act. It much repairs me 30
 To talk of your good father. In his youth
 He had the wit which I can well observe
 To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
 Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
 Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
 So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
 Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
 His equal had awaked them, and his honour,
 Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
 Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40
 His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
 He used as creatures of another place
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
 Making them proud of his humility,
 In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
 Might be a copy to these younger times;
 Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
 But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
 Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
 So in approof lives not his epitaph 50
 As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would
 always say—
 Methinks I hear him now; his plausible words
 He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,

30. *act*, active service.

36. *So like a courtier*, he was so like a true courtier, that neither contempt nor bitterness, etc.

40. *Exception*, contradiction.

41. *his hand*, its (*i.e.* the clock's).

42. *i.e.* he treated them with the ceremonious politeness due to strangers.

45. *In their poor praise he humbled*, he himself being humbled by receiving their praise, as they were honoured by his condescension. But the reading is not altogether satisfactory.

50. *in approof*, in general recognition.

53. *plausible*, winning.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

SCENE III. *Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do ¹⁰ not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do as we ²⁰ may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barns are blessings.

3. *even your content*, completely content you.

19. *go to the world*, be married.

28. *barns*. The later Folios attempt to render the quibble more obvious by printing 'bearn's.'

All's Well That Ends Well ACT I

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am 30
driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go
that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons,
such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature,
as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed,
I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wicked- 40
ness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope
to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam, in great friends;
for the knaves come to do that for me which I
am awear of. He that ears my land spares my
team and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be
his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my
wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he 50
that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh
and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my
friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend.
If men could be contented to be what they are,
there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon
the puritan and old Poysam the papist, howsome-
e'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads
are both one; they may joul horns together, like
any deer i' the herd.

45. *are shallow in*, have slight
comprehension of.

47. *ears*, ploughs.

48. *to in*, to get in, harvest.

55. *Charbon . . . Poysam.*

These names possibly stand for
'Chairbonne' and 'Poisson,'
'alluding to the respective lenten
fare of the Puritan and the
Papist.'

58. *joul*, dash.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and 60
calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth
the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you
more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid 70
Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would
speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond done, done fond,

Was this King Priam's joy?

With that she sighed as she stood,

With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then;

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt
the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which
is a purifying o' the song: would God would

63. *next*, nearest.

64. This 'ballad' seems to be
a reminiscence of some verses
quoted by Steevens from John
Grange's *Gardën* (1577)—

Content yourself as well as I,
Let reason rule your mind:
As cuckolds come by destiny
So cuckoos sing by kind.

74. The clown's verse is prob-
ably adapted from a lost ballad
entered in Sta. Reg. 1585, *The
Lamentation of Hecuba and the
Ladies of Troy*.

76. *Fond*, foolishly.

83. *There's yet one good in
ten*; the genuine version ran,
'There's yet nine good in ten.'

serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! An we might have a good 90 woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for 100 Helen to come hither. [Exit.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her 110 than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her

99. *big heart*, haughty spirit.
119. *Dian no queen*. Ff have
queen, etc. The first two words,
feliculously supplied by Theo-

bald, are supported especially
by the hymn to Diana in *Much*
Ado, v. 3. 13, where Hero is simi-
larly called her 'virgin knight.'

poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first 120
 assault or ransom afterward. This she delivered
 in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I
 heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty
 speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the
 loss that may happen, it concerns you something
 to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly;
 keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed
 me of this before, which hung so tottering in the
 balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. 130
 Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and
 I thank you for your honest care: I will speak
 with you further anon. [Exit Steward.]

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young:

If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
 Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
 It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
 Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
 By our remembrances of days foregone, 140
 Such were our faults, or then we thought them
 none.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
 I am a mother to you.

135. *these* (stings of secret passion); the plural is probably suggested by 'ours,' the idea being immediately expressed by 'this thorn' in relation to 'our rose of youth.' For *ever* we should perhaps read *e'er*, as suggested by the Camb. edd.

141. *or then we thought them none.* The Countess qualifies her word 'faults,' as expressing not her early 'remembrances,' but her mature judgment upon them;—'faults, or rather we did not then take them for such.'

142. *on't*, with this disease.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count.

Nay, a mother :

Why not a mother ? When I said 'a mother,'
Methought you saw a serpent : what's in 'mother,'
That you start at it ? I say, I am your mother ;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine : 'tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds :
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care :
God's mercy, maiden ! does it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother ? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye ?
Why ? that you are my daughter ?

150

Hel.

That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel.

Pardon, madam ; 160

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die :
He must not be my brother.

Count.

Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam ; would you
were,—

So that my lord your son were not my brother,—
Indeed my mother ! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

170

163. *note*, mark of distinction.

170. *I care no more for*, it

169. *both our mothers*, mother
to us both.

would be as little a grief to me
as the prospect of heaven.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law :

God shield you mean it not ! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again ?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness : now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head : now to all sense 'tis gross
You love my son ; invention is ashamed,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,

180

To say thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 'tis so ; for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours
That in their kind they speak it : only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so ?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew ;
If it be not, forswear 't : howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,

190

To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me !

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about ; my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose
The state of your affection ; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,

174. *daughter and mother so strive upon your pulse*, daughterly love and dread of accepting the name of daughter contend in her blood.

177. *loneliness*, Theobald's correction for Ff 'loveliness.'

197. *appeach'd*, informed against you.

I love your son.

200

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :

Be not offended ; for it hurts not him

That he is loved of me : I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit ;

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him ;

Yet never know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;

Yet in this captious and intenible sieve

I still pour in the waters of my love

And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,

210

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love

For loving where you do : but if yourself,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,

Did ever in so true a flame of liking

Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and love ; O, then, give pity

To her, whose state is such that cannot choose

220

But lend and give where she is sure to lose ;

That seeks not to find that her search implies,

But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies !

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,—

To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself I swear.

You know my father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading

201. *friends*, kindred.

208. *captious and intenible*,
apt to receive but not to
hold.

210. *to lose still*, though still
losing.

216. *cites*, announces, bears
witness to.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

And manifest experience had collected
 For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me 230
 In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
 As notes whose faculties inclusive were
 More than they were in note : amongst the rest
 There is a remedy, approved, set down,
 To cure the desperate languishings whereof
 The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
 For Paris, was it ? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this ;
 Else Paris and the medicine and the king
 Had from the conversation of my thoughts 240
 Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
 If you should tender your supposed aid,
 He would receive it ? he and his physicians
 Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
 They, that they cannot help : how shall they credit
 A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
 Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
 The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something in 't,
 More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
 Of his profession, that his good receipt 250
 Shall for my legacy be sanctified
 By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your
 honour

But give me leave to try success, I 'ld venture

230. *general sovereignty*, sov- in note' referring strictly, not
 ereign remedies in all cases. to the prescriptions, which were

231. *In heedfull'st reservation* not known at all, but to the
to bestow them, to keep them particular medicaments pre-
 with the utmost care. scribed.

232. *notes*, etc., prescriptions 234. *approved*, tried.

more potent than was gener- 236. *render'd*, reported.

ally known. The expression 247. *Embowell'd*, exhausted.

is slightly confused, ' whose . . .

All's Well That Ends Well ACT II

The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave
and love,

Means and attendants and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I'll stay at home

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt: 260

Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,

What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING, attended
with divers young Lords taking leave for the
Florentine war; BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.*

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike
principles

Do not throw from you: and you, my lords, fare-
well:

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

First Lord.

'Tis our hope, sir,

254. *on his grace's cure by
such a day and hour*, on having
cured him by a specified day
and hour.

Sc. 1. In this scene the first
and second 'Lords' are called in

the Ff 'Lord G.' and 'Lord E.'
respectively. G. and E. prob-
ably stood for two of the actors,
the list of whom prefixed to F₁
includes the names Gilburne,
Gough, and Ecclestone.

sc. I All's Well That Ends Well

After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords;

10

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy,—
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of
them:

They say, our French lack language to deny
If they demand: beware of being captives
Before you serve.

20

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me.

[*Exit, attended.*]

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay
behind us!

6. *After well-enter'd soldiers*,
when we are thoroughly initiated
in war.

9. *owes*, has.

12. *let higher Italy*, etc.
The general sense is: 'Let the
Italians, those mere inheritors of
the fall of Rome, see,' etc. But
both *higher* and *bated* are ob-
scure, and probably corrupt.
Higher Italy has been vari-
ously explained as 'upper Italy'
(to which neither Florence nor

Sienna belongs) or the 'noblest
Italians'; *bated* as 'excepted'
or 'beaten down.' Coleridge
proposed 'hired,' Hanmer 'bas-
tards'; both words seem too
disparaging for the context.
Schmidt's 'high' Italy is plau-
sible.

15. Not merely to aspire to
honour, but to make it exclu-
sively yours.

16. *questant*, aspirant.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT II

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil
with

'Too young' and 'the next year' and 'tis too
early.'

Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, 30
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

First Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

Sec. Lord. I am your accessory; and so, fare-
well.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured
body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain.

Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are 40
kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good
metals: you shall find in the regiment of the
Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an
emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was
this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live;
and observe his reports for me.

First Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what
will ye do?

Ber. Stay: the king. 50

27. I am . . . kept a coil with, 30. the forehorse to a smock,
they make a fuss about my being playing the usher to ladies.
too young, etc.

Re-enter KING. BERTRAM and PAROLLES retire.

Par. [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

60

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy, And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;

70

53. *list*, bounds.

54. *wear themselves in the cap of the time*, are men of the highest fashion.

55. *muster true gait*, display correct modes of walking.

64. *fee*; Theobald's emendation for Ff 'see.'

65. *brought*, brought with him, *i.e.* is sure of pardon.

70. *across*, *i.e.* an unskilful hit. Lafeu playfully applies the phrase used of the tilter who broke his spear across his adversary's body instead of striking with the point, to the king's retort.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT II

Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if

My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a
medicine

That's able to breathe life into a stone,

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch

Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,

To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand

85

And write to her a love-line.

King.

What 'her' is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there's one
arrived,

If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more

Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see
her,

For that is her demand, and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

King.

Now, good Lafeu, 90

Bring in the admiration; that we with thee

May spend our wonder too, or take off thine

By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf.

Nay, I'll fit you,

And not be all day neither.

[*Exit.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever pro-
logues.

75. *medicine*, physician.

77. *canary*, a lively dance.

79. *King Pepin*, as a type of
one long dead.

82. *Doctor She*; so Grant

White for Ff 'doctor she.'

91. *the admiration*, the won-
der.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways ;

This is his majesty ; say your mind to him :

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle, 100

That dare leave two together ; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow
us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father ;

In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
him ;

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death

Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling, 110

He bade me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear ; I have so ;

And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it and my appliance

With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned doctors leave us and

98. *majesty.* The word was colloquially abbreviated to two syllables ; Shakespeare uses both the abbreviated and the full form.

100. *Cressid's uncle,* Pandarus.

105. *well found,* well equipped.

109. *dearest issue,* most precious fruit.

The congregated college have concluded 120
 That labouring art can never ransom nature
 From her inaidible estate ; I say we must not
 So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
 To prostitute our past-cure malady
 To empirics, or to dis sever so
 Our great self and our credit, to esteem
 A senseless help when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
 I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
 Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts 130
 A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd
 grateful :
 Thou thought'st to help me ; and such thanks I give
 As one near death to those that wish him live :
 But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
 I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
 Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
 He that of greatest works is finisher
 Oft does them by the weakest minister : 140
 So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,
 When judges have been babes ; great floods have
 flown

From simple sources, and great seas have dried
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
 Oft expectation fails and most oft there
 Where most it promises, and oft it hits
 Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well,
 kind maid ;

131. *A modest one*, of moderate approval, a simple admission that her offer, though declined, was not out of place.

138. *set up your rest*, are decided.

147. *fits* ; Ff 'shifts.' The emendation is Theobald's.

sc. I All's Well That Ends Well

Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid :
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward. 150

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows ;
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think and think I know most sure 160
My art is not past power nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? within what space
Hopedst thou my cure ?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring,
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly, 170
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence
What darest thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads : my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise : nay, worse of worst extended,

159. *against the level of mine aim*, contrary to my real intention.

165. *torcher*, luminary.

176. *nay* ; Ff 'ne.' 'Ne' cannot be right, being obsolete in Shakespeare's time, except as

a deliberate archaism. Shakespeare uses it only in Gower's Prologue to *Pericles*, ii. No satisfactory emendation has been produced (among the many attempted) of this difficult passage. That of Singer, here

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak

His powerful sound within an organ weak :

And what impossibility would slay

180

In common sense, sense saves another way.

Thy life is dear ; for all that life can rate

Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,

Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all

That happiness and prime can happy call :

Thou this to hazard needs must intimate

Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,

That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property

190

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die,

And well deserved : not helping, death's my fee ;

But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel.

But will you make it even ?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command :

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of France,

My low and humble name to propagate

200

With any branch or image of thy state ;

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

adopted, involves the minimum of change, and gives a phrase not uncharacteristic of Shakespeare's manner in rhymed conceits : ' nay, stretching out this worst punishment to one still worse.'

187. *desperate*, reckless.

190. *property*, particular quality ; if I fall short in any detail of my promise.

194. *make it even*, carry it out.

sc. II All's Well That Ends Well

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served :

So make the choice of thy own time, for I,

Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must,

Though more to know could not be more to trust,

From whence thou camest, how tended on : but

rest

210

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.

Give me some help here, ho ! If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rousillon.* *The COUNT's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to the
height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and lowly
taught : I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court ! why, what place make you
special, when you put off that with such contempt ?
'But to the court' !

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man
any manners, he may easily put it off at court :
he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his 10
hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip,
nor cap ; and indeed such a fellow, to say pre-
cisely, were not for the court ; but for me, I have
an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that
fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair that fits all

10. *make a leg, a serving-man's bow.*

buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions? 20

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions? 30

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier? 40

Clo. O Lord, sir! There's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

18. *pin-*, thin; *quatch-*, flat.

23. *French crown*, bald head.

24. The rush-ring used in informal rustic weddings.

24. 'Tib and Tom' were cant names for 'low and vulgar persons,' more contemptuous equivalents of 'Jack and Jill.'

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

Clo. O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to 't, I warrant 50
you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir! spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir!' at your
whipping, and 'spare not me'? Indeed your 'O
Lord, sir!' is very sequent to your whipping: you
would answer very well to a whipping, if you were
but bound to 't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my
'O Lord, sir!' I see things may serve long, but 60
not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir! why, there 't serves well
again.

Count. An end, sir; to your business. Give
Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them. 70

Count. Not much employment for you: you
understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have
our philosophical persons, to make modern and
familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence

62, 63. Printed as prose in Ff; as verse first by Knight.

2. *modern, commonplace.*

is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,— 10

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death. 20

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it; I would have said the very same. 30

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a

10. *artists*, physicians.

11. *both of Galen and Paracelsus.* Johnson, conceiving that Parolles is throughout this scene pretending to knowledge which he has not, transfers these words to Lafau. But the passage is quite in keeping. Parolles, in

his anxiety to display knowledge, catches irrelevantly at the first names of great medical 'artists' that occur to him.

27. *A showing of a heavenly effect.* This doubtless ridicules the title of some lost pamphlet.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence : which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it ; you say well. Here comes the king.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

LAFEU and PAROLLES retire.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says : I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head : why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du vinaigre ! is not this Helen ?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court. Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side ; And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive The confirmation of my promised gift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful parcel Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,

35. *facinerious*, wicked, impious ; Parolles' coinage.

40. Johnson again assigns most of Parolles' speech to Lafeu.

47. *Lustick* ; the word had

come into use as a summons to be merry.

49. *coranto*, a gay, spirited dance.

50. *Mort du vinaigre* ; a meaningless oath.

55. *repeal'd*, recalled.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT II

O'er whom both sovereign power and father's
voice 60

I have to use : thy frank election make ;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to for-
sake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous
mistress

Fall, when Love please ! marry, to each, but one !

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well :

Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restored the king to
health. 70

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for
you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest I simply am a maid.

Please it your majesty, I have done already :
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
'We blush that thou shouldst choose ; but, be
refused,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever ;
We'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice ; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly, 80
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my suit ?

First Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir, all the rest is mute.

66. *broken*, i.e. by the loss of
teeth.

67. *writ*, laid claim to.

83. *all the rest is mute*, I
have nothing further to say.

SC. III All's Well That Ends Well

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw
ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair
eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies :
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love !

Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive, 90
Which great Love grant ! and so, I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ? An they were sons
of mine, I'd have them whipped ; or I would send
them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take ;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :
Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
have her : sure, they are bastards to the English ; 100
the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too
good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet ; I am sure thy
father drunk wine : but if thou be'st not an ass,
I am a youth of fourteen ; I have known thee
already.

Hel. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you ;
but I give

85. *ames-ace*, the two aces at
dice, *i.e.* the lowest throw. Lafeu
of course means the opposite,
and is therefore to be understood
as making, in his capacity of an
old humorist, an ironical com-
parison. Dr. Brinsley Nichol-

son quotes a modern equivalent :
' One praising a sweet-songed
prima donna says : " I'd rather
hear her sing than walk 100
miles with peas in my boots." '

109. *I dare not say I take you.*
This famous speech resembles

All's Well That Ends Well ACT II

Me and my service, ever whilst I live, 110
 Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her ; she's
 thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege ! I shall beseech your
 highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
 The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
 What she has done for me ?

Ber. Yes, my good lord ;
 But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has raised me from my
 sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me
 down

Must answer for your raising ? I know her well : 120
 She had her breeding at my father's charge.

A poor physician's daughter my wife ! Disdain
 Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the
 which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
 Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
 In differences so mighty. If she be

All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
 A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest 130
 Of virtue for the name : but do not so :
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed :

the words of Greene's shepherd
 maid Fawnia [Perdita] to Prince
 Dorastus [Florizel] in his ro-
 mance of *Pandosto* : ' I dare not
 say, Dorastus, I love thee, be-
 cause I am a shepherd. . . . I

yield, not overcome with prayers
 but with love, resting Dorastus'
 handmaid ready to obey his
 will . . . ' (*Shaksp. Library*, iv.
 64).

126. *Of*, in respect of.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
 It is a dropsied honour. Good alone
 Is good without a name. Vileness is so :
 The property by what it is should go,
 Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
 In these to nature she's immediate heir,
 And these breed honour : that is honour's scorn, 140
 Which challenges itself as honour's born
 And is not like the sire : honours thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our foregoers : the mere word's a slave
 Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said ?
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest : virtue and she 150
 Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
 strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I'm
 glad :

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake ; which to defeat,
 I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift ;
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love and her desert ; that canst not dream, 160
 We, poisoning us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know,
 It is in us to plant thine honour where

134. *additions*, titles.

based.

135. *alone*, by itself.

156. *which to defeat*, to avert

141. *challenges itself as*, urges
 its claim to be.

that risk of dishonour.

157. *produce*, put forth.

145. *Debosh'd*, perverted, de-

159. *misprision*, disdain.

We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt :
 Obey our will, which travails in thy good :
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
 Which both thy duty owes and our power claims :
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers and the careless lapse 170
 Of youth and ignorance ; both my revenge and hate
 Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity. Speak ; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit
 My fancy to your eyes : when I consider
 What great creation and what dole of honour
 Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
 The praised of the king ; who, so ennobled,
 Is as 'twere born so.

King. Take her by the hand, 180
 And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise
 A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
 A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the king
 Smile upon this contract ; whose ceremony
 Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
 And be perform'd to-night : the solemn feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her,
 Thy love's to me religious ; else, does err. 190

[*Exeunt all but Lafeu and Parolles.*]

Laf. [*Advancing*] Do you hear, monsieur ? a
 word with you.

181-3. Helena will be made a match in dignity for Bertram as he is, and possibly new dignities added to both. following upon the present betrothal. 'Brief,' properly 'written articles,' is here figurative.

186. *on the now-born brief,* 188. 'Shall be deferred.'

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation! My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rou-sillon? 200

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do. 210

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity 220 upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

208. *write*, claim the title of.

216. *found*, found out.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT II

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art ²³⁰ worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, ²⁴⁰ or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord! ²⁵⁰ Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship

^{241.} *in the default*, at need. I will pass by thee (from *past*

^{247.} *as I will by thee*, i.e. as preceding).

to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is ²⁶⁰
my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks't, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: ²⁷⁰
I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else ²⁸⁰
I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her. ²⁹⁰

260. *wrongs*, insults.

280. *heraldry*, authentic title.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot : to the wars !

Ber. There's letters from my mother : what the
import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars,
my boy, to the wars !

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions 300
France is a stable ; we that dwell in 't jades ;
Therefore, to the war !

Ber. It shall be so : I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the king
That which I durst not speak : his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike : war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee ? art sure ? 310

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away : to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in
it. 'Tis hard :

A young man married is a man that's marr'd :
Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go :
The king has done you wrong : but, hush, 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*

297. *kicky-wicky*, mistress. 309. *detested*, Rowe's correc-
So F₁. F₂₋₄ give the form tion of Ff *detected*.
kicksy-wicksy.

sc. IV All's Well That Ends Well

SCENE IV. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

Enter HELENA and CLOWN.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly : is she well ?

Clo. She is not well ; but yet she has her health : she's very merry ; but yet she is not well : but thanks be given, she's very well and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ?

10

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say.

20

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing : to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title ; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away ! thou'rt a knave.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT II

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave ; that 's, before me thou'rt a knave : 30
this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool ; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir ? or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night ; 40
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-
ledge ;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint ;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with
sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else ?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'
the king,
And make this haste as your own good pro-
ceeding, 50

Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he ?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

44. to a compell'd restraint, 52. make it probable need,
to (the termination of a time of) give it a plausible air of neces-
sity. involuntary abstinence.

sc. v All's Well That Ends Well

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. [*Exit Parolles.*]
Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Paris. The KING's palace.*

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his ex-¹⁰perience and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*To Bertram*] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a²⁰ good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

9. *accordingly*, correspondingly.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT II

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses ; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter 30
end of a dinner ; but one that lies three thirds and
uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings
with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.
God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord
and you, monsieur ?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run
into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots
and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the 40
custard ; and out of it you'll run again, rather
than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him
at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord ; and be-
lieve this of me, there can be no kernel in this
light nut ; the soul of this man is his clothes.
Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence ; I
have kept of them tame, and know their natures. 50
Farewell, monsieur : I have spoken better of you
than you have or will to deserve at my hand ; but
we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him ?

29. *End.* Ff have *and*.

40. The Lord Mayor's Fool,
who leapt into the custard bowl
at civic feasts.

52. *have or will to deserve.*

So F₁. The later Ff omit *to*,
understanding 'have deserved
or will deserve.' A more
pointed sense is given if we
suppose the words *or wit to*
have been lost before *or will*.

sc. v All's Well That Ends Well

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common
speech,
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king and have procured his leave 60
For present parting ; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepared I was not
For such a business ; therefore am I found
So much unsettled : this drives me to entreat you
That presently you take your way for home ;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you, 70
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not. This to my mother :

[*Giving a letter.*

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd 80
To equal my great fortune.

64. *holds not colour with,* . . . *particular,* nor does the task
does not accord with. imposed upon me accord with

64. *nor does the ministration* my private concerns. On is
suggested by *required.*

All's Well That Ends Well ACT III

Ber. Let that go :
My haste is very great : farewell ; hie home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say ?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is ;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have ?
Hel. Something ; and scarce so much : nothing,
indeed.
I would not tell you what I would, my lord :
Faith, yes ; 90
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur ? Fare-
well. [*Exit Helena.*]
Go thou toward home ; where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum.
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio !
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Florence. The DUKE's palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the DUKE of Florence, attended ;
the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.*

Duke. So that from point to point now have
you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,

84. owe, own.

sc. I All's Well That Ends Well

Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part ; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin
France

Would in so just a business shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 10
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion : therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our
nature,

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be ;
And all the honours that can fly from us 20
Shall on them settle. You know your places
well ;

When better fall, for your avails they fell :

To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

11. *outward*, having no access *motion*, that forms an idea of
to the counsels of government, state council with his rude un-
an 'outsider.' aided intelligence.

12, 13. *That the great figure*
of a council frames by self-unable 22. *avails*, advantage.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT III

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

10

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there.

[*Exit.*]

20

Count. [*Reads*] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,

30

14. *ling*, i.e. Lenten food.

sc. II All's Well That Ends Well

To fly the favours of so good a king ;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within
between two soldiers and my young lady !

Count. What is the matter ?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort ; your son will not be killed so soon
as I thought he would.

50

Count. Why should he be killed ?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does : the danger is in standing to't ; that's
the loss of men, though it be the getting of
children. Here they come will tell you more :
for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

[*Exit.*

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Sec. Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentle-
men,

50

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't : where is my son, I pray you ?

Sec. Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke
of Florence :

We met him thitherward ; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

34. To merit an emperor's disdain.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT III

Hel. Look on his letter, madam ; here's my passport.

[*Reads*] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger which never shall come off, and show me 60
a child begotten of thy body that I am father to,
then call me husband : but in such a 'then' I
write a 'never.'

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

First Gent. Ay, madam ;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our
pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer ;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety : he was my son ;
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is
he ?

Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier ?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose ; and,
believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither ?

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing
of speed.

Hel. [*Reads*] Till I have no wife, I have nothing
in France.

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there ?

Hel. Ay, madam.

First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
haply, which his heart was not consenting to. 80

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife !

69. *moiety*, share.

sc. II All's Well That Ends Well

There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she ; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him ?

First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was it not ?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wicked-
ness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90
With his inducement.

First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You're welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies. 100
Will you draw near ?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France.'

Nothing in France, until he has no wife !
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France ;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord ! is't I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the nonè-sparing war ? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

92, 93. He has plenty of that superfluous thing, a vain belief
in his own merit.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT III

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark 110
 Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
 Fly with false aim ; move the still-piecing air,
 That sings with piercing ; do not touch my lord.
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't ;
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected : better 'twere
 I met the ravin lion when he roar'd 120
 With sharp constraint of hunger ; better 'twere
 That all the miseries which nature owes
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rou-
 sillon,
 Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
 As oft it loses all : I will be gone ;
 My being here it is that holds thee hence :
 Shall I stay here to do 't ? no, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house
 And angels officed all : I will be gone,
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight, 130
 To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !
 For with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal away.
[Exit.

SCENE III. *Florence. Before the DUKE's palace.*

*Flourish. Enter the DUKE of Florence, BERTRAM,
PAROLLES, Soldiers, Drum, and Trumpets.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ;
and we,

113. *still-piecing*, still-clos-
ing. Steevens' emendation for
Ff *still-peering* or *still-piercing*.

120. *ravin*, ravenous.
124. *Whence*, from thence
where.

sc. iv All's Well That Ends Well

Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth ;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove 10
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter
of her ?

Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

Stew. [*Reads*]

I am Saint Jacques' pilgrim, thither gone :

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,

With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war

My dearest master, your dear son, may hie :
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10

His name with zealous fervour sanctify :
His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
I, his spiteful Juno, sent him forth

4. *Saint Jacques' pilgrim*, a pilgrim to the shrine of Saint James
at Compostella, Spain.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT III

From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of
worth :

He is too good and fair for death and me ;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest
words !

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so : had I spoke with her, 20
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en ; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife ; 30
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger :
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return ; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love : which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction : provide this messenger : 40
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak ;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*

19. *advice, judgment.*

30. *this unworthy husband of, this husband unworthy of.*

SCENE V. *Florence. Without the walls. A tucket afar off.*

Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, and MARIANA, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander ; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. [*Tucket.*] We have lost our labour ; they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice 10
ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is her name ; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave ; hang him ! one Parolles : a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana ; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and 20
all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under : many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further ; but I hope your

18. *officer*, agent.

18. *suggestions*, solicitations.

22. *go under*, pass for.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT III

own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

30

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.

Enter HELENA, disguised like a Pilgrim.

Look, here comes a pilgrim : I know she will lie at my house ; thither they send one another : I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim ! whither are you bound ?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ?

40

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. [*A march afar.*]

Hark you ! they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged ;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours.

50

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

31. *fear*, fear for.

39. *port*, gate.

46. *ample*, amply.

sc. v All's Well That Ends Well

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsome'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name? 60

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er
she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might
do her 70
A shrewd turn, if she pleased.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her

62. *In argument of praise*, as a theme for praise.

66. *examined*, called in question.

62. *to*, in comparison with.

69. *I warrant*. So Globe editors for *Ff I write* or *I right*.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT III

In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed ;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid :

But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard

In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else !

Wid. So, now they come :

Drum and Colours.

Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole army.

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son ;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman ?

Dia. He ; 80

'That with the plume : 'tis a most gallant fellow.

I would he loved his wife : if he were honest

He were much goodlier : is't not a handsome gentleman ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest : yond's that same knave

That leads him to these places : were I his lady,

I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs : why is he melancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle. 90

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something : look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you !

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier !

[*Excunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*]

74. *brokes*, plays the procurer.

sc. vi All's Well That Ends Well

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I
will bring you
Where you shall host : of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you :
Please it this matron and this gentle maid 100
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me ; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't ;
let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a
hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in
him ?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own
direct knowledge, without any malice, but to
speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable 10
coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly
promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality
worthy your lordship's entertainment.

First Lord. It were fit you knew him ; lest,
reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not,

103. *of, on.*

4. *hilding*, base fellow.

10. *as*, as if he were.

he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

First Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do. 20

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in any thing. 30

First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes. 40

27. *leaguer*, camp.

40. *John Drum's entertainment*, the entertainment that a drum gets, a 'drumming'; hence, an unceremonious expulsion. Holinshed relates of a hospitable Mayor of Dublin that 'his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that

resorted to his house Tom Druni's entertainment, which is, to hale a man in by the head and thrust him out by both the shoulders.' The phrase was thus proverbial. There is no reason to suppose that Marston's Interlude, *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601), is specially alluded to.

Enter PAROLLES.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. 'But a drum'! is't 'but a drum'? A 50
drum so lost! There was excellent command,—
to charge in with our horse upon our own wings,
and to rend our own soldiers!

First Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered. 60

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or 'hic jacet.'

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise 70
and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

45. *in any hand*, in any case.

68. *mystery*, mastery.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT III

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me. 80

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell. 90

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*]

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do't?

First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, 100 you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

First Lord. We'll make you some sport with 110

107. embossed him, run him down.

SC. VII All's Well That Ends Well

the fox ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu : when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night.

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs : he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Sec. Lord. As't please your lordship : I'll leave you. [Exit.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you.

The lass I spoke of.

First Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault : I spoke with her but once

120

And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send ;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature :
Will you go see her ?

First Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well
born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses ;
And would not put my reputation now

III. case, flay, strip, unmask.

3. i.e. without calling Bertram himself as witness.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT III

In any staining act.

Hel.

Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word ; and then you cannot, 10
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid.

I should believe you ;

For you have show'd me that which well approves
You're great in fortune.

Hel.

Take this purse of gold,

And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The count he wooes your
daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her : let her in fine consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. 20
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand : a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it : this ring he holds
In most rich choice ; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid.

Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then : it is no more, 30
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent : after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

21. *important, importunate.*

ACT IV All's Well That Ends Well

Wid. I have yielded :
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs composed
To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

40

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact :
But let's about it. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Florentine camp.*

Enter Second French Lord, *with five or six*
other Soldiers in ambush.

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but by
this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him,
speak what terrible language you will : though
you understand it not yourselves, no matter ; for
we must not seem to understand him, unless some
one among us whom we must produce for an in-
terpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the in-
terpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him ? knows ¹⁰
he not thy voice ?

47. *fact*, deed.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT IV

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; 20 so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: they begin to smoke me; 30 and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Sec. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, 40 and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with

17. *strangers*, etc., foreign own devising, *i.e.* each must
soldiers in the enemy's service. invent his own gibberish.

19. *of his own fancy*, of his 29. *plausible*, plausible.

SC. I All's Well That Ends Well

so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments ⁵⁰ would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window ⁶⁰ of the citadel—

Sec. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's,—

[*Alarum within.*

Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, ⁷⁰ cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

44. *instance*, motive.

46. *Bajazet's mule.* This has not been explained. 'Bajazet's' may, as has been suggested, be Parolles' blunder for

'Balaam's'; but these verbal fatuities hardly belong to his rôle.

54. *baring*, shaving.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT IV

Par. O, ransom, ransom ! do not hide mine eyes.

[They seize and blindfold him.]

First Sold. Boskus thromuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment :
And I shall lose my life for want of language :
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me ; I'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine. 80

First Sold. Boskos vauvado : I understand thee,
and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake
thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy
bosom.

Par. O !

First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray ! Manka
revania dulce.

Sec. Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet ;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on 90
To gather from thee : haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live !

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes ; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully ?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. Acordo linta.

Come on ; thou art granted space.

*[Exit, with Parolles guarded. A short
alarum within.]*

Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and
my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
muffled 100

99. *my brother*, the second 100. *woodcock*, brainless
French Lord. fellow.

Till we do hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.

Sec. Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves :

Inform on that.

Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.

Sec. Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and
safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Florence. The Widow's house.*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess ;

And worth it, with addition ! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality ?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument :
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern ;
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty ; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that ;

I prithee, do not strive against my vows :
I was compell'd to her ; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us

All's Well That Ends Well ACT IV

Till we serve you ; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn ! 20

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the
truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness : then, pray you,
tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill ? This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him : therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd, 30
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it ;

Be not so holy-cruel : love is holy ;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover : say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

25. *Jove's.* So Ff. It is possible that Shakespeare wrote 'God's,' and that this was altered in deference to the statute of 1606 against profanity. Yet the allusion would be in keeping with the hardly less solemn address to 'Dian' in ii. 3. 80.

38, 39. No satisfactory emendation has been proposed for this dark passage. Its pur-

port clearly is that men in some way bring women ('s=us) into the mood in which they submit to dishonour. But the way referred to is quite obscure. If *rope* or *ropes* is right it may refer either to the constraining force or to the entangling subtlety of the seducer. For *scarre*, 'scare' has been suggested ; but this hardly suits the context.

SC. II All's Well That Ends Well

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear ; but have no power 40
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring :
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose : thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part, 50
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring :
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber-window :
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :
My reasons are most strong ; and you shall know
them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd : 60
And on your finger in the night I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then ; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing
thee. [Exit.

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven
and me !

55. *order take*, take measures.

56. *band*, bond.

You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo,
 As if she sat in 's heart ; she says all men 70
 Have the like oaths : he had sworn to marry me
 When his wife 's dead ; therefore I 'll lie with him
 When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so
 braid,
 Marry that will, I live and die a maid :
 Only in this disguise I think 't no sin
 To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Florentine camp.*

*Enter the two French Lords and some two or
 three Soldiers.*

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's
 letter ?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since :
 there is something in 't that stings his nature ; for
 on the reading it he changed almost into another
 man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid
 upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so
 sweet a lady.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the ever- 10
 lasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned
 his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell
 you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with
 you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead,
 and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gen-
 tlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste

73. *braid*, untrustworthy, full of sly turns.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition. 20

First Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself. 30

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit. 40

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do

20. *monumental*, memorial, ancestral.

23. *rebellion*, i.e. from God's allegiance.

28. *contrives*, plots.

29. *proper*, own.

31. *meant damnable in us*, a damnable intention of ours.

35. *dieted to his hour*, compelled to fast until the prescribed hour for his meal.

37. *his company*, Parolles.

then? will he travel higher, or return again into France? 50

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness 60 of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence? 70

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him 80 shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled

57. *pretence*, professed intention.

65. *stronger*, main.

66. *even to*, right up to.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

yarn, good and ill together : our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not ; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now ! where's your master ?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave : his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king. 90

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord ! is't not after midnight ?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success : I have congied with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest ; buried a wife, mourned for her ; writ to my lady mother I am returning ; entertained my convoy ; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs : the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet. 100

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier ? Come, bring forth this counterfeit 110

90. *solemn*, ceremonious.

successful summary procedure.

99. *abstract of success*, a

104. *nicer*, more trifling.

module, has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophet.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

120

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'?

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

130

Enter PAROLLES guarded, and First Soldier.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Portotartarosa.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

140

First Sold. Bosko chimurcho.

First Lord. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

First Sold. You are a merciful general. Our

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general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

150

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

First Lord. You're deceived, my lord: this ¹⁶⁰ is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I ¹⁷⁰ will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

162. *theoric*, theory.

164. *chape*, the metal termination of the scabbard.

174. *con him no thanks*, feel no gratitude to him.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT IV

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'Demand of him, of what 180
strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vau-
mond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my
life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half 190
of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

First Sold. Well, that's set down. [*Reads*]
'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his 200
reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain? 210

Par. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice

182. to live this present hour, The text can hardly be right.
i.e. for no more than this hour. Capell proposed *but this*.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy. 220

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either 230
it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

First Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Sold. [*Reads*] 'Dian, the count's a fool,
and full of gold,'—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, 240
one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

First Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

230. *sadness*, earnest.

240. *advertisement*, advice.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT IV

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid ; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds. 250

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue !

First Sold. [*Reads*] ' When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it ;

After he scores, he never pays the score :
Half won is match well made ; match, and well make it ;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before ;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss :
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear, 260

PAROLLES.'

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case : not that I am 270
afraid to die ; but that, my offences being many,
I would repent out the remainder of nature : let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely ; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain : you have answered to his repu-

251. *both-sides*, double-deal-
ing.

257. *mell with*, have dealings
with.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

tation with the duke and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: ²⁸⁰ for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man ²⁹⁰ should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians; to belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in ³⁰⁰ that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Lord. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor

^{280.} *steal an egg out of a cloister*, 'steal' anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy' (Johnson). ravished Deianeira, the bride of Hercules.

^{288.} *conditions*, disposition.

^{298.} *led*, borne.

^{302.} *Mile-end*, where the

^{281.} *Nessus*, the Centaur who London train-bands were drilled.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT IV

price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

310

Par. Sir, for a cardecue he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

330

Par. [*Aside*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

311. *cardecue*, Fr. *quart d'écu*, the French quarter-crown.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death !

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.*
So, look about you : know you any here ?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles. 350

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu ? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon ? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you : but fare you well.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lords.*

First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf ; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot ? 360

First Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir ; I am for France too : we shall speak of you there. [*Exit, with Soldiers.*

Par. Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great,

'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more ;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall : simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a brag-
gart, 370

Let him fear this, for it will come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by foolery thrive !
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

All's Well That Ends Well ACT IV

SCENE IV. *Florence. The Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not
 wrong'd you,
 One of the greatest in the Christian world
 Shall be my surety ; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
 Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel :
 Time was, I did him a desired office,
 Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
 Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
 And answer, thanks : I duly am inform'd
 His grace is at Marseilles ; to which place
 We have convenient convoy. You must know, 10
 I am supposed dead : the army breaking,
 My husband hies him home ; where, heaven aiding,
 And by the leave of my good lord the king,
 We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
 You never had a servant to whose trust
 Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress
 Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
 To recompense your love : doubt not but heaven
 Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
 As it hath fated her to be my motive 20
 And helper to a husband. But, O strange men !
 That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
 When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
 Defiles the pitchy night : so lust doth play

6. *which gratitude*, gratitude
 in respect of (in return for)
 which.

9. *Marseilles* ; three syllables.
 Ff have *Marcellae* or *Marsellis*.

11. *breaking*, disbanding.

16. *Nor you, mistress* ; Rowe's
 correction (after F_2) for *nor your*
mistress (F_1).

20. *motive*, instrument.

sc. v All's Well That Ends Well

With what it loathes for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you : 30
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away ;
Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us :
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL : still the fine's the
crown ;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Rousillon. The COUNT'S palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and* CLOWN.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a
snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villanous saffron
would have made all the unbaked and doughy
youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-
law had been alive at this hour, and your son here
at home, more advanced by the king than by that
red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him ; it was
the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that
ever nature had praise for creating. If she had 10

30. *Yet, I pray you ;* Helena colour in dress, hence charac-
resumes her 'yet' of v. 27. teristic of the pretentious
Parolles ; it was also used to

31. *with the word,* while we colour pastry, hence the choice
speak, in a moment. of metaphor in 'unbaked' and

2. *saffron,* a fashionable 'doughy.'

partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs.

20

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, 30 indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

40

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisnomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

18. *herb of grace*, the plant the 'black prince.' *Name* is *Ruta graveolens*, rue. Rowe's emendation for *Ffmaine*,

41. *an English name*, i.e. *mean*.

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire. 50

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks. 60

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will. 70

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a

47. *suggest*, seduce.

66. *shrewd and unhappy*, evil and mischievous.

All's Well That Ends Well ACT IV

self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? 80

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together. 90

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare. 100

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

107. carbonadoed, hacked to pieces (said properly of meat cut up for broiling).

ACT V All's Well That Ends Well

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. *[Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Marseilles. A street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low ; we cannot help it :
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time ;

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France. 10

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness ;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent.

What's your will ?

5. *bold*, assured.

6. *Enter a Gentleman.* F₁
has 'A gentle Astringer.' All
his speeches, however, are pre-
fixed *Gent.* An 'astringer' is

a keeper of goshawks ; but as
no use is made of the speaker
in this character, the word is
probably corrupt.

15. *nice*, scrupulous.

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have 20
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir!

Gent. Not, indeed :
He hence removed last night and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains !

Hel. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon ;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me, 30
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rousillon. Before the COUNT's palace.*

Enter CLOWN, and PAROLLES, following.

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord
Lafeu this letter : I have ere now, sir, been better
known to you, when I have held familiarity with

1. *Lavache.* Tollet's conjecture for *Ff Lavatch, Levatch.*

SC. II All's Well That Ends Well

fresher clothes ; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of : I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

10

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir ; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose ; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh ! prithee, stand away : a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman ! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, 20
—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal : pray you, sir, use the carp as you may ; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do ? 'Tis 30
too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her ? There's a cardcue for you : let the justices make you and fortune friends : I am for other business.

26. *similes.* Theobald's emendation for *Ff smiles.*

All's Well That Ends Well ACT V

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word. 40

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. 50

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Rousillon. The COUNT's palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;

46. *found me, found me out.* 1. *esteem, reputation.*

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth ;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all ;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him, 10
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady
Offence of mighty note ; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him
hither ; 20

We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill
All repetition : let him not ask our pardon ;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it : let him approach,
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter ? have
you spoke ?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me 30
That set him high in fame.

6. *blaze* ; so Theobald for Ff *blade*.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole ;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful p^{er}spective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen ;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object : thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom my-
self,

Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused :
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt : but love that comes too
late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,

48. *perspective*, a glass producing optical illusion.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rash
faults

60

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave :
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust :
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :
The main consents are had ; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

70

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
heaven, bless !

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse !

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a
ring.*] By my old beard,
And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature : such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

80

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,

66. This is commonly explained to mean that 'hate sleeps at ease, unmolested by any memory of the dead' (Malone). But the context rather suggests that the sleep of hate is antithetical to the waking of love, *i.e.* that hate, struck with shame, is for the time lulled.

72. cesse, cease.

74. digested, absorbed,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave
her

Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it 90
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord; she never
saw it;

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never 100
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas
Helen's,

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforce-
ment

You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety

100. *heavy satisfaction*, sad acquiescence. *medicine*, the elixir of the alchemists, used in 'making' and

102. *tinct and multiplying* 'multiplying' gold.

sc. III All 's Well That Ends Well

That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, 116
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour ;

And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so ;—
And yet I know not : thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away. 120

[Guards seize Bertram.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him !
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. *[Exit, guarded.]*

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not :
Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending : her business looks in her
With an importing visage ; and she told me,

131. *removes*, post-stations.

In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads*] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say ¹⁴⁹ it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. DIANA CAPILET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafeu, 150
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily and bring again the count.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters
to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lord-
ship,
Yet you desire to marry.

Enter Widow and DIANA.

What woman's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:
My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

^{137.} *verbal brief*, concise ^{149.} *toll for this*, pay for the
narrative. license to sell Bertram.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count; do you know these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine; 170
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour 180
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord,

And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price : 190
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel ; yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it :
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife ;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it. 200

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument : his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit an Attendant*

Ber. What of him ?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd ;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing ?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has : certain it is I liked her, 210
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth :
She knew her distance and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course

195. 'tis it. Ff 'tis hit. of it is then awkward after it
This can be defended in the has been used of the ring (v.
sense 'rightly aimed,' 'struck 194).
home' ; but the impersonal use 205. quoted, noted.

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate : she got the ring ;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient :
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife, 220
May justly diet me. I pray you yet ;
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband ;
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring ? this ring was his
of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it
him

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. 230

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather
starts you.

Is this the man you speak of ?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

215. *motives*, occasions.

216. *Her infinite cunning.*
Walker's emendation for *Ff her*
insuite comming.

216. *modern.* This word in
Shakespeare always means 'ordi-
nary.' If it is right, Bertram

can only mean that Diana has
the charm of a prevailing, *i.e.*
fashionable, type of beauty. But
his point is, on the contrary,
that she is rare and therefore
precious. The most probable
emendation is *modest*.

232. *shrewdly*, grievously.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off,
By him and by this woman here what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have. 240

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What an equivocal companion is this! 250

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her: for indeed he was mad for her, and talked of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know. 260

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless

sc. III All's Well That Ends Well

thou canst say they are married : but thou art too fine in thy evidence ; therefore stand aside. 270

This ring, you say, was yours ?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you ?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you ?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then ?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him ?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Lasf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord ; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine ; I gave it his first wife. 280

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away ; I do not like her now ; To prison with her : and away with him. Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while ?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty : 290
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't ;
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life ;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears : to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal sir : [*Exit Widow.*]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him : 300
He knows himself my bed he hath defiled ;
And at that time he got his wife with child :
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick :
So there's my riddle : one that's dead is quick :
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes ?
Is't real that I see ?

Hel. No, my good lord ;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both. O, pardon !

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this
maid, 310

I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring ;
And, look you, here's your letter ; this it says :
'When from my finger you can get this ring
And are by me with child,' &c. This is done :
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you !
O my dear mother, do I see you living ? 320

SC. III All's Well That Ends Well

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep
anon:

[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a hand-
kerchief: so,

I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport
with thee:

Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped
flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess that by thy honest aid

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. 330

Of that and all the progress, more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express:

All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*]

EPILOGUE.

King. The king's a beggar, now the play is
done:

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day:

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt.* 340

335. *a beggar*, i.e. for applause.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
 ANGELO, Deputy.
 ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.
 CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
 LUCIO, a fantastic.
 Two other gentlemen.
 PROVOST.
 THOMAS, } two friars.
 PETER, }
 A Justice.
 VARRIUS.
 ELBOW, a simple constable.
 FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
 POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.
 ABHORSON, an executioner.
 BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

 ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
 MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
 JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
 FRANCISCA, a nun.
 MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Vienna.*

DURATION OF TIME

The time (according to Mr. Daniel's Analysis, *New Shakespeare Society*, 1877-79) consists of four days :

Day 1. I. 1.

A brief interval must be supposed to intervene.

„ 2. II. 2.-IV. 2.

„ 3. IV. 2.-4.

„ 4. IV. 5.-6., V.

Dramatis Personæ. This list names of all the Actors'; a is appended to the text in the *Justice* and *Varrius* being, however, omitted.

INTRODUCTION

MEASURE FOR MEASURE was first published in the Folio of 1623, as the fourth in order of the Comedies. It was doubtless printed from the theatre-copy, and abounds in perplexed and corrupt passages, many of which no emendation has yet completely restored.

External evidence of the date of *Measure for Measure* is confined to a palpable reminiscence of certain lines of act ii. sc. 4, found in a poem of 1607. This was the *Myrrha* of W. Barksted, where these lines occur :

And like as when some sudden extasie
Seizeth the nature of a sicklie man ;
When he's discerned to swoon, straight by and by
Folke to his help confusedly have ran,
And seeking with their art to fetch him back,
So many throng, that he the ayre doth lacke.

An entry often quoted in the accounts of the Court *Revels*, mentioning a performance on 26th December 1604, is now known to be a forgery. But the date was well invented, for all indications point to 1603-4 as the year of its composition. Not to dwell upon possible allusions to the accession of James, noticed at i. 1. 68 and ii. 4. 27, the play is linked very closely both with *All's Well That Ends Well* and with *Hamlet*. And *Hamlet* was undoubtedly completed in 1602-3. The grave strenuousness of character which dis-

Measure for Measure

tinguishes Helena from the Rosalinds and Beatrices of the preceding group of Comedies is carried a step further in the passionate intensity of Isabel. In both, an immense inner force is normally concealed by a reserve not at all characteristic of Shakespearean womanhood; in both it breaks out at moments in splendours of poetry such as Portia alone among the women of the Comedies approaches. The device of Mariana is clearly adapted from the story of Helena. The affinities with *Hamlet* lie less in the characters than in the moral atmosphere.¹ Both plays are pervaded by an oppressive consciousness, new in Shakespeare, of the might of evil; the state of the world is something rotten, and those who would better it are paralysed by inner flaws of mind or will. Denmark is out of joint, and Vienna a sink of vice; the duke and Hamlet alike recognise, and alike seek to evade, the reformer's task. Hamlet groans and procrastinates; the duke quietly appoints a deputy, and the deputy, a saint among sinners, is made a sinner by a saint. In both *Hamlet* and the duke, it may be added, different critics have discovered resemblances to the bustling Solomon who had, perhaps, just taken his seat upon the English throne.

Measure for Measure closely follows in outline the plot of George Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, published in 1578. The title of this performance is as follows: '*The right excellent and famous Historye | of | Promos and Cassandra: | divided into two commical Discourses. | In the first Part is shewn, | The unsufferable Abuse of a lewd MAGISTRATE; | The*

¹ Among many interesting detailed parallels we may note: Isabel's indictment of man 'dressed in authority,' and Hamlet's 'the insolence of office'; Claudio's and Hamlet's dread of the 'something after death.' And Isabel, like Hamlet, has to 'repel the insinuation that her righteous anger is the voice of madness' (v. i. 50).

Introduction

vertuous Behaviours of a chaste LADYE; | The un-
controuled Lewdeness of a favoured CURTISAN : | And
the undeserved estimation of a pernicious PARASYTE.

| In the second part is discoursed, | The perfect
magnanimity of a noble KING, | In checking Vice and
favouring Vertue : | Wherein is shown | The Ruin
and overthrow of dishonest practises : | With the ad-
vancement of upright dealings. The Work of George
Whetstone, Gent.'

The Dedication, addressed to his kinsman, the Recorder of London, is one of the earliest Elizabethan manifestoes of dramatic principles we possess. He takes the whole contemporary drama, at home and abroad, vigorously to task. The Italian, French, and Spanish playwrights are too lascivious; the German 'too holy'; the English 'most vain, indiscreet, and out of order,' ignoring the limits of place and time, bringing 'Gods from Heaven and Devils from Hell,' and confusing the distinctions of character. 'Many times (to make mirth) they make a clown companion with a king; in their grave counsels they allow the advice of fools: yea, they use one order of speech for all persons.' In all these points Whetstone's 'work,' as he, like Jonson, characteristically called his play, for it was evidently the fruit of immense pains, exhibited an advance. The story, drawn from Cinthio's *Hecatommithi* (Dec. viii. Nov. 5) had the best characteristic of the Italian novel: a single, powerful motive, worked out within narrow limits of place and time, and without any resort to marvel.¹ On the other hand, the

¹ Cinthio's novel seems to have been founded upon an actual occurrence of 1547, narrated in a letter from a Hungarian student in Vienna, Joseph Macarius, to a friend in Sárovar. Here the heroine undergoes dis-

honour in order to save her condemned husband, whose execution nevertheless proceeds. She appeals to the imperial governor of the province of Milan, who causes the judge to marry her, pay her 3000 ducats,

Measure for Measure

characters were mere types, and the plot was handled with somewhat obtuse moral instinct. Whetstone made little advance in individuality of character; but his types—‘the lewd Magistrate,’ ‘the chaste lady,’ and the rest—are drawn with much rude vigour. Corvinus, king of Hungary, appoints Promos his deputy in the city of Julia, with a special charge ‘to scourge the wights, good Lawes that disobay.’ Promos proceeds to revive the law against incontinence, upon which Andrugio (Claudio) is imprisoned. Andrugio appeals to his sister, Cassandra, who appeals to Promos to be merciful. The language of the scene is sufficiently rude, and in dramatic grip and nexus it breaks down altogether; but the germs of several Shakespearean motives are already discernible:—

[*She, kneeling, speaks to Promos.*

Most mighty lord, and worthy judge, thy judgement sharp abate,
Vail thou thine ears to hear the plaint that wretched I relate,
Behold the woeful sister here of poor Andrugio,
Whom though that law awardeth death, yet mercy do him show :
Weigh his young years, the force of love, which forced his amiss,
Weigh, weigh that marriage works amends for what committed is.
He hath defiled no nuptial bed, nor forced rape hath moved ;
He fell thro’ love, who never meant but wive the wight he loved.

Prom. Cassandra, leave off thy bootless suit, by law he hath
been tried,

Law found his fault, law judged him death.

Cass.

Yet this may be replied,

and lose his head (translated in *Notes and Queries*, 29th July 1893). This is probably the original of the story found in Goulart, *Histoires admirables et mémorables advenues de Nostre Temps*, 1607. Successive narrators softened one by one its tragic features. Cinthio saves the tyrannous judge from execution at the intercession of the

lady; Whetstone similarly saves her condemned brother; Shakespeare finally saves the lady herself from dishonour. A more recent but not very convincing attempt has been made by Sarrazin to show that Shakespeare’s duke, Vincentio, was modelled upon the contemporary duke of Mantua, Vincenzo Gonzaga (*Jahrbuch*, xxxi. 165).

Introduction

That lawe a mischiefe oft permits, to keep due form of law,
That lawe small faults, with greatest dooms, to keep men still
in awe.

Yet kings, or such as execute regal authoritie,
If mends be made may overrule the force of lawe with mercie.
Here is no wylful murder wrought, which axeth blood againe ;
Andrugio's fault may valued be, Marriage wipes out his stayne.

Promos temporises, then, at a second interview, declares the price of Andrugio's pardon. Cassandra proceeds to inform her brother, who faces the alternatives like a practical man :

Here are two evils, the best hard to digest,
But where as things are driven unto necessity,
There are we byd, of both evils choose the least.
Cass. And of these evils, the least I hold is death.

But Andrugio urges the slander that she would incur by causing his death ; and moreover that Promos, having once experienced her love, 'no doubt but he to marriage will agree.' At this rather unfortunately chosen moment Cassandra suddenly discovers that her honour is of less account than her brother's life :

And shall I stick to stoupe to Promos' will
Since my brother enjoyeth life thereby? . . .
My Andrugio, take comfort in distresse,
Cassandra is wonne, thy raunsom great to paye,
Such care she hath, thy thraldom to release,
As she consentes her honor for to slay.

The 'ransom' is paid, but no reprieve arrives. This, however, is of little moment, for Andrugio's gaoler, a man of sensitive conscience, has released him, sending to Promos the head of one recently executed instead of his. Cassandra seeks the king, tells her story, and, having told it, draws a knife to end her dishonour in the manner of Lucrece. At the king's entreaty she foregoes this resolve, and he prepares to call his deputy to account. The second part opens with his approach. Promos appears before him and is

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promptly condemned to lose his head, after having first married Cassandra. But no sooner is the marriage ceremony over than Cassandra exchanges the role of the wronged maiden for that of the devoted wife, and implores his pardon. But the king is inflexible, and Promos is already at the scaffold when the timely arrival of Andrugio enables the king to remit the penalty 'for his wife's sake.'

To the reader of *Measure for Measure* all this seems intolerable bungling. Whetstone himself evidently regarded his play with complacency, for he reproduced the story, in Euphuistic prose, four years later in his *Heptameron*. There he made an attempt to strengthen the action at what was evidently its weakest point, the character of Cassandra. But the task was far beyond his powers. He feels that the compliance of his 'chaste lady' with Promos' terms requires defence, but cannot decide whether to excuse it as a compulsory sin or to glorify it as a noble sacrifice. She is by turns Lucretia and Alcestis :

If this offence be known (quoth Andrugio) thy fame will be enlarged, because it will likewise be known that thou receivedst dishonor to give thy brother life : if it be secret, thy conscience will be without scruple of guiltiness. Thus, known or unknown, thou shalt be deflow'ed, but not dishonested, and for amends we both shall live.

Hereupon the narrator (Madam Isabella) interposes an appeal to her audience : 'Sovereign madam, and you fair gentlewomen, I intreat you in Cassandra's behalf, these reasons well weighed, to judge her yielding a constraint and no consent.' This 'judgment' is further enforced by an express reference to Lucretia, whose 'destiny' she seeks to emulate.

What arrested Shakespeare in this story was clearly the three great dramatic situations, here rudely out-

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lined :—the sister pleading for her brother's life, the stern lawgiver violating his own law, and the brother pleading for his life at the cost of his sister's honour. Whetstone had spoiled two of these by making both Promos and Andrugio plead with success, and he had only contrived, by a series of violent suppositions, to bring the fortunes of brother and sister to a happy issue. So far as Claudio's deliverance is concerned, Shakespeare improves somewhat, but not very greatly, upon his original. Instead of the compassionate gaoler who simply lets his prisoner free, we have the provost—an admirable sketch of well-meaning but cautious and disciplined officialdom—who with difficulty consents merely to postpone his execution. Instead of the head of an executed prisoner, the counterfeit of Claudio is derived from 'a pirate who died this morning of a cruel fever'—a change which saves the plot from an incongruous element of tragedy, but is otherwise of questionable merit. Cassandra's fate called for a more radical change. Such a fall as hers was absolutely repugnant to Shakespeare's art ; at no period of his career would he have tolerated such an incident, on either of the hypotheses between which Whetstone so uneasily fluctuates. But the device by which Isabel's honour is saved cannot be acquitted of a certain poverty of invention : so supremely original a character as Isabel deserved a better fate than to play once more a played-out role from *All's Well*. The duke who wanders in disguise among his people and 'like power divine looks upon our passes,' has some advantages over Whetstone's absentee prince, but probability is not one of them ; and his final distribution of rewards and punishments hardly affects to be plausible. Angelo's pardon and Isabel's marriage are concessions to the conventions of a comic *dénouement*, lacking

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inner congruity with their character and antecedents, and scarcely true to the promise of the title.¹ Evidently, though Shakespeare meant to supply his company with a comedy, he treated the conventions of Comedy merely with an outer deference.

The determining animus of the wonderful transformation which he wrought in the story of Promos and Cassandra belongs to a wholly different order of ideas and experience. He had exhibited in *Twelfth Night* the comedy of an honest, *borné* man infatuated with self-esteem; in *Julius Cæsar*, the tragedy of a man of high but narrow principles rigidly applied to a complex situation; in *Hamlet*, the tragic paralysis of a noble will under the spell of a restless imaginative sensibility. It was an intellect charged with the ironic sense of the disasters which await the well-meaning in a world where only a passion for goodness can morally hold its own, that created the virtuous precisian Angelo out of the 'lewd tyrant' Promos, and the refined weakling Claudio out of the commonplace Andrugio; and that set over against both the sublime and unique figure of Isabel.

Angelo is best understood when approached from the side on which he is akin to Brutus. He is 'a precisian in power,' a man of austere principle, untried but perfectly sincere. But Brutus' simple and transparent nature forges its way through the drift of circumstances unchanged, provoking its own doom, but undergoing no moral collapse; while Angelo, after his first doctrinaire blunder, finds himself suddenly assailed at an unarmed point, and, with scarcely a thought, is ready to surrender the whole moral capital laid up in a blameless life as the price of the person of Isabel. The irony of his career is accentuated.

¹ The title was probably 'axeth blood' in Whetstone (ed. suggested by the phrase 'Blood' Hazlitt, p. 227).

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ated by the unseen presence at his elbow of the moral Mephistopheles who has armed him with power and who awaits the destined hour to call him to account. It is characteristic of the temper of the play that Shakespeare thus substituted for Whetstone's absentee ruler this incredible but effective Friar.

Claudio owes still more than Angelo to Shakespeare's refining art. He is relieved with exquisite delicacy against the hideous throng whose sin the law identifies with his. His first words of keen humiliation instantly distinguish him from the brazen Lucio. He has the virtues and the failings of the impulsive temperament. His imagination is as rich as Isabel's, but his will takes the colour of its changing visions. He cannot be said, like Angelo, to comply with or infringe a moral rule; he rather abandons himself to a stream of illuminated emotions, tending, as it may happen, to good or ill. Within a few sentences he is ready to 'encounter darkness as a bride,' and to shudder at the image of the 'cold obstruction' and the 'kneaded clod.' 'Conscience' makes a coward of him, — a conscience inflamed with the vision of sensuous pleasures and pains.

Angelo and Claudio are failures in opposite schools of life; without much straining, we might say that they foreshadow the characteristic weaknesses of the Puritan and of the Cavalier. But, with whatever irony Shakespeare may have contemplated the pretensions of both ideals, so far as they were realised in his time, the character of Isabel assures us that a type of impassioned holiness such as inspired the finest embodiments of both, yet more akin on the whole to the austere and imperious holiness of Puritanism, appealed powerfully to Shakespeare when he wrote. In moral intensity, and also in her total absence of

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humour, she is rather Miltonic than Shakespearean—Miltonic in the gracious way of the lady in *Comus*, save that she has the higher grace of a chastity which she is ready to die for, but which it does not occur to her to celebrate. Her obvious affinities with Portia make the contrast more glaring. Like Portia, she intervenes to check legal crime; but Portia's plea for mercy cannot compare in ethical grip any more than in tragic intensity with hers. Portia's is an eloquent exposition of the beauty of well-doing; Isabel's is penetrated to the core with distrust of human nature, when armed with the demoralising engine of power. Put forth in the first years of the momentous seventeenth century, this great though dramatically unequal play is full of prophetic intimations: the scathing ridicule of tyrants may be put beside the courtly compliments, in the first scene, to a popular king. The temper of stern recognition of the heights and depths of good and evil pervades it; and through the web of ethical seriousness there runs a thread of that brooding intellectual curiosity apparent in the whole *Hamlet* period, the zest for probing the secrets of human nature, and finding 'what these seemers be'; for analysing character (whence the countless books of 'Characters' from Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour* downwards); for beating at the gates of the unknown, and urging a charioted imagination to flights in the mystery beyond.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus.

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you : then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency
. as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people, 10
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant in

6. *lists*, limits.

8. This passage is clearly corrupt. The Folio reads *But that . . . able* without a break. Several words are apparently wanting. Innumerable conjectures are recorded by the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare, who first indicated a blank in

the text. Tyrwhitt's

But that to your sufficiency you put
A zeal as willing as your worth is able,
perhaps approaches Shakespeare's thought, though it certainly misses his expression.

11. *terms for common justice*, technical terms of law.

12. *pregnant*, ready.

As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call
hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love, 20
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd

But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence

18. *with special soul*, with deputy, deputyship.
peculiar good-will.

21. *deputation*, office of 30. *belongings*, gifts.

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor, 40
 Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise ;
 Hold therefore, Angelo :—
 In our remove be thou at full ourself ;
 Mortality and mercy in Vienna
 Live in thy tongue and heart : old Escalus,
 Though first in question, is thy secondary.
 Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble and so great a figure 50
 Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :
 We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
 Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
 That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
 As time and our concernings shall importune,
 How it goes with us, and do look to know
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
 To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60
 Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
 That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
 Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

41. *use*, interest.

42. *one that can my part in him advertise*, one so superior to me that he is capable of instructing that in him which assumes my office.

43. *Hold therefore, Angelo*. The duke here presents the commission, which he finally,

at v. 48, places in Angelo's hands.

44. *remove*, absence.

47. *question*, consideration.

52. *leaven'd*, ripened.

55. *prefers itself*, thrusts all other claims into the background.

55. *unquestion'd*, unexamined.

With any scruple ; your scope is as mine own,
 So to enforce or qualify the laws
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand :
 I'll privily away. I love the people,
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
 Though it do well, I do not relish well 70
 Their loud applause and Aves vehement ;
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
 That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes !

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness !

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
 To have free speech with you ; and it concerns
 me

To look into the bottom of my place :
 A power I have, but of what strength and nature 80
 I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
 Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes come
 not to composition with the King of Hungary,
 why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

68-71. This passage has been conjectured to offer 'a courtly apology for King James I.'s

stately and ungracious demeanour on his entry into England.'

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. 'Thou shalt not steal'?

10

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

20

Sec. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

First Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

First Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

30

First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

23. *proportion*, measure.

35. *piled*, a quibble between

28. *there went but a pair of shears between us*, i.e. we are cut out of the same cloth.

piled, applied to velvet, and *pilled*, or hairless as a consequence of the French disease.

Lucio. I think thou dost ; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health ; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not ?

Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes ! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

Sec. Gent. To what, I pray ?

Lucio. Judge.

Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year. 50

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me ; but thou art full of error ; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy ; but so sound as things that are hollow : thy bones are hollow ; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE.

First Gent. How now ! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested 60 and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

Sec. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee ?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

First Gent. Claudio to prison ? 'tis not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so : I saw him

52. *French crown*, a bald head. 56. *sound*, sounding (with a quibble).

arrested, saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

70

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with 80 the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*]

Mrs. Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY.

How now! what's the news with you?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well; what has he done?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what's his offence?

90

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

84. *sweat*, the 'sweating-sickness.'

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ACT I

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in 100
the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burghier put in for them.

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Ov. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, 110
you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Ov. What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? 120

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

126. The words of heaven. A reference to St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans ix. 15 and 18, 'For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy. . . . Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth.'

Measure for Measure

Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,

130

So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again. 140

Lucio. What, is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed:

150

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower

138. *foppery*, folly.

ib. *morality*; Davenant's correction for *Ff mortality*.

152. *the denunciation of outward order*, the formal declaration required by law.

154. *propagation*, increase by remaining at interest. It is probably meant that Julietta's relatives chose to postpone her marriage in order to continue to receive the interest on her dower.

Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so. 160
And the new deputy now for the duke—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 170
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the
wall

So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so
tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be
in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke and
appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be
found. 180
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter

162. *the fault and glimpse of newness*, the imperfect vision due to novelty. The illusion of 'newness' is conceived as a kind of half-light. Cf. 'Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,'

Ham. i. 4. 53.

169. *stagger*, reel in judgment, waver.

173. *for a name*, nominally, for form's sake.

177. *tickle*, loose, unsteady.

And there receive her approbation :
 Acquaint her with the danger of my state :
 Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
 To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him :
 I have great hope in that ; for in her youth
 There is a prone and speechless dialect,
 Such as move men ; beside, she hath prosperous art
 When she will play with reason and discourse, 190
 And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may ; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away !
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A monastery.*

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father ; throw away that thought ;
 Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
 Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
 To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose

183. *receive her approbation*, be approved as a novice of the order.

188. *prone and speechless dialect*, language of mute and eager entreaty. *Prone* is used with a suggestion of its Latin sense, to convey not only the ardour but the eager bending-forward of an earnest suppliant.

196. *game of tick-tack*, pro-

perly backgammon ; here used equivocally.

2. *dribbling*, a technical term in archery for an arrow too weakly shot to reach the mark. Sidney had already applied the image to Love :—

Not at first sight nor with a dribbling
 shot

Love gave the wound.

Astr. and Stella, cit. Collier.

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. 10
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting
laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds, 20
Which for this nineteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

10. *keeps*, dwell.

still applied to an ill-conditioned
horse' (Collier). *Steeds* and *wills*

20. *weeds*. 'Weed is a term

are plausible emendations.

Duke.

I do fear, too dreadful :

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do : for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my
father,

I have on Angelo imposed the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people : therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one : Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A nunnery.*

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges ?

Fran. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint

43. *To do in slander.* This is probably corrupt, and no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. The suggested explanation, 'to bring in slander,' suits the context, but Shake-
speare nowhere uses *do* in this archaic sense.
51. *Stands at a guard with,* stands on guard against ; shows no weak places for envy or malice to attack.

Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [*Within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
men

10

But in the presence of the prioress:

Then, if you speak, you must not show your face,
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

20

Isab. Why 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his
judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio.

It is true. 30

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin

30. *your story*, the subject of your jest.

With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,
 Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so :
 I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,
 By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
 As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking
 me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,
 'tis thus :

Your brother and his lover have embraced : 40
 As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him? My cousin
 Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly ; as school-maids change their
 names

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence ; 50
 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
 In hand and hope of action : but we do learn
 By those that know the very nerves of state,
 His givings-out were of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
 And with full line of his authority,

32. *to seem the lapwing*, i.e. and truly.
 to delude them by pretences, as
 the lapwing tries to divert the
 sportsman from the direction of
 its nest.

43. *foison*, abundance.

51, 52. *Bore . . . in hand*
and hope of action, beguiled with
 the hope of action.

39. *Fewness and truth*, briefly

Governs Lord Angelo ; a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He—to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have for long run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit : he arrests him on it ;
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,
 To make him an example. All hope is gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo : and that's my pith of business 70
 'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life ?

Lucio. Has censured him
 Already ; and, as I hear, the provost hath
 A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas ! what poor ability's in me
 To do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power ? Alas, I doubt—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors
 And make us lose the good we oft might win
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, 80
 Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

59. *motions*, impulses.

60. *rebate*, dull.

62. *use and liberty*, license
 grown customary.

69. *grace*, good fortune.

72. *censured*, judged, con-
 demned.

83. As if they themselves
 owned the petitions, *i.e.* had the
 granting of them in their own
 hands.

Lucio.

But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight ;

No longer staying but to give the mother

Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :

Commend me to my brother : soon at night

I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab.

Good sir, adieu. 90

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A hall in ANGELO's house.*

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice, Provost,
Officers, and other Attendants, behind.*

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it

Their perch and not their terror.

Escal.

Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,

Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father !

Let but your honour know,

Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,

That, in the working of your own affections, 10

Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood

Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life

Err'd in this point which now you censure him,

And pull'd the law upon you.

89. *my success*, the issue of
my suit.

2. *fear*, frighten.
6. *fall*, fell.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
 Another thing to fall. I not deny,
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two 20
 Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to
 justice,
 That justice seizes : what know the laws
 That thieves do pass on thieves ? 'Tis very pregnant,
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't
 Because we see it ; but what we do not see
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence
 For I have had such faults ; but rather tell me,
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own judgement pattern out my death, 30
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost ?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
 Be executed by nine to-morrow morning :
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared ;
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost.]

Escal. *[Aside]* Well, heaven forgive him ! and
 forgive us all !
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall :
 Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none :
 And some condemned for a fault alone. 40

23. *pregnant*, evident.

28. *For*, on the ground that.

30. Let my death-sentence
 on him be applied to my own
 case.

31. *And nothing come in*
partial, and no favouring in-

fluence intervene.

39. *brakes*, thickets. *Vice*
 is the almost certain correction
 of Rowe for *Ff ice*.

39. *and answer none*, without
 being called to account ; paying
 no penalty.

Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and POMPEY.

Elb. Come, bring them away : if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law : bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir ! What's your name ? and what's the matter ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow : I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors. 50

Ang. Benefactors ? Well ; what benefactors are they ? are they not malefactors ?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are : but precise villains they are, that I am sure of ; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well ; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to : what quality are they of ? Elbow is your name ? why dost thou not speak, Elbow ? 60

Pom. He cannot, sir ; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir ?

Elb. He, sir ! a tapster, sir ; parcel-bawd ; one that serves a bad woman ; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs ; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

43. *common houses*, houses of ill-fame.

47. *the poor duke's constable*, for 'the duke's poor constable.'

57. *comes off well*, is well delivered.

66. *hot-house*, bathing-house ; but also used for a house of ill-fame.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven
and your honour,—

70

Escal. How? thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an
honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as
well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's
house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty
house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had
been a woman cardinally given, might have been
accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

80

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means:
but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou
honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

90

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and
longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed
prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which
at that very distant time stood, as it were, in
a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your
honours have seen such dishes; they are not
China dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are
therein in the right: but to the point. As I say,
this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child,
and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for
prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said,

100

Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid 110 prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he 120 hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas: was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve. 130

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room and good for winter.

130. *All-hallond eve*, the eve of All-Hallows' Day.

132. *lower chair*, easy chair.

133. *Bunch of Grapes*, the name of a room in the tavern.

135. *open*, probably 'sunny.'

Pom. Why, very well, then ; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there : I'll take my leave, 140
And leave you to the hearing of the cause ;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your
lordship. [Exit Angelo.

Now, sir, come on : what was done to Elbow's
wife, once more ?

Pom. Once, sir ? there was nothing done to
her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this
man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me. 150

Escal. Well, sir ; what did this gentleman to
her ?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentle-
man's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his
honour ; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your
honour mark his face ?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his
face ? 160

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face
is the worst thing about him. Good, then ; if his
face be the worst thing about him, how could
Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm ?
I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what
say you to it ?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected

162. *supposed*, deposed ; I will take my oath.

house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his ¹⁷⁰
mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or ¹⁸⁰
Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too. ¹⁹⁰

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou ²⁰⁰
art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

^{180.} *Justice or Iniquity;* Justice, and the *Vice* or Clown.
alluding to figures in the Mor- ^{183.} *Hannibal*, for 'Canni-
alities:—the personification of bal.'

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband? 210

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in. 220

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are 230 partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by

215. *draw you* (quibbling on (2) drag to execution).
the two senses: (1) draw liquor, 220. *drawn in*, swindled.

being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; 240
nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging. 250

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you, I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where 260
you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

243. *splay*, castrate.

cluded between successive beams or buttresses. Coles' Latin Dictionary (quoted by Singer) defines 'a bay of building, *mensura 24 pedum*.'

255. *bay*, an architectural term for a certain division of a building, usually the space in-

Measure for Measure

ACT II

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his
jade :

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. 270

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow;
come hither, Master constable. How long have
you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the
office, you had continued in it some time. You
say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you.
They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are 280
there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters:
as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me
for them; I do it for some piece of money, and
go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some
six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well.

[*Exit Elbow.*

What's o'clock, think you?

290

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal.

It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.* 300

SCENE II. *Another room in the same.*

Enter PROVOST and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*]

I'll know

His pleasure; may be he will relent. Alas,

He hath but as offended in a dream!

All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he

To die for't!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:

Under your good correction, I have seen, 10

When, after execution, judgement hath

Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:

Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her

To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Measure for Measure

ACT II

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, 20
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*

See you the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for't.

Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.

Prov. God save your honour!

Ang. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You're
welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice; 30
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving
graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor
of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,

To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor. 40

Isab. O just but severe law !
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour !

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Give't not o'er so : to
him again, entreat him ;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown :
You are too cold ; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it :
To him, I say !

Isab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon
him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't. 50

Isab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him ?

Ang. He's sentenced ; 'tis too late.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late ? why, no ; I, that do speak a
word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, 60
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

If he had been as you and you as he, ✓
You would have slipt like him ; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel ! should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him ; there's
the vein. 70

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas !
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are ? O, think on that ;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid ;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother : 80
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him : he must die to-
morrow.

Isab. To-morrow ! O, that's sudden ! Spare
him, spare him !
He's not prepared for death. Even for our
kitchens
We kill the fowl of season : shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord, be-
think you ;
Who is it that hath died for this offence ?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.

78, 79. *And mercy then . . .* ceived as suddenly starting into
like man new made, like the existence in Angelo like the
breath of life in the lips of the new- child's first breath.
born child (or of Adam). The 85. *of season,* when it is fit
breath of merciful speech is con- for killing.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it
hath slept :

90

Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed : now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice ; 100
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this
sentence,

And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder 110
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder ;
Nothing but thunder ! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle : but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,

90. Alluding to the legal
maxim : *Dormiunt aliquando
leges, moriuntur nunquam.*

96. *Either* (monosyllabic).

112. *pelting*, insignificant.

Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape—
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

120

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him,
wench! he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word, 130
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art avised o' that? more
on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth
know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life. 140

Ang. [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare
you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

120. *glassy*, resembling a mirror both in reflecting power and in frailty.

mirth as well as of ill-humour.

132. *avised*, assured.

122. *spleens*. The spleen

136. *skins*, covers with a skin.

was regarded as the organ of

142. *my sense breeds with it*, it begets new thoughts in me.

Ang. I will bethink me : come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you : good my lord,
turn back.

Ang. How ! bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the testēd gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor 150
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well ; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to ; 'tis well ; away !

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe !

Ang. [*Aside.*] Amen :

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship ?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon. 160

Isab. 'Save your honour !

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*]

Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue !
What's this, what's this ? Is this her fault or mine ?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most ?
Ha !

Not she ; nor doth she tempt : but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,

149. *fond*, foolishly desired, and pronunciation of the word.
worthless.

149. *shekels*, in the Ff *sickles*,
the usual Elizabethan spelling

159. *cross*, i.e. cross one's
path, bar the way ; Isabel's
deferential leave-taking being in
effect a prayer for his *honour*.

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough, 170
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love
her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smiled and wonder'd
how. [Exit.

SCENE III. *A room in a prison.*

*Enter, severally, DUKE disguised as a friar,
and PROVOST.*

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your will,
good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right

172. *evils, privies.*

To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one : a gentlewoman of mine, 10
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report : she is with child ;
And he that got it, sentenced ; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die ?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you : stay awhile, [*To Juliet.*
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
carry ?

Jul. I do ; and bear the shame most patiently. 20

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you ?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful
act

Was mutually committed ?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than
his.

10. *gentlewoman* (trisyllabic). But Warburton's reading *flames*
11. *flaws*, gusts, violent blasts. is very probably right.

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,

30

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven,

Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you, Benedicite! [*Exit.*

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love, 40
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in ANGELO's house.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty
words;

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,

40. *love*, the indulgence of speare's word.
the law. But *law*, as suggested
by Hanmer, is very likely Shake-

2. *several*, different.

Grown fear'd and tedious ; yea, my gravity,
 Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride, 10
 Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
 Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming ! Blood, thou art blood :
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn ;
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a Servant.

How now ! who's there ?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to
 you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*] O
 heavens !

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, 20
 Making both it unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness ?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons ;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive : and even so
 The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence.

9. *fear'd and tedious.* If this is right, the 'tedium' is the reason of the 'fear.' But *fear'd* is not improbably an error for *sear'd*, *sered*, withered, stale.

17. 'The inscription does not thereby become the devil's badge.' But the word 'crest' would more properly include the symbol (the horn) as well as the

legend ; hence Johnson's reading, "'Tis yet the devil's crest,' is plausible.

27. *The general*, the populace.

27-30. Like the similar passage in i. 1. 68-71, these lines have been thought to offer an apology for James's haughty demeanour on his entry into England.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid? 30

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be, As long as you or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted

That his soul sicken not. 40

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stolen

A man already made, as to remit

Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image

In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made

As to put metal in restrained means

To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth. 50

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,

43. *nature*, the world of saucily indulged.
living things.

44. *remit*, pardon. means.

45. *Their saucy sweetness*, the 48. *restrained means*, forbidden instruments.
sweet pleasure in which they

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,

I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can
speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this: 60

I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,

I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit, 70
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.

Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
ignorant,
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
bright

When it doth tax itself; as these black masks

58. *Stand more for number than for accompt*, are counted but not included in the reckoning.

73. *nothing of your answer*, not to be answered for by you.

79. *tax*, reproach.

Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder 80
 Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me ;
 To be received plain, I'll speak more gross :
 Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
 Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
 As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
 But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister, 90
 Finding yourself desired of such a person,
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-building law ; and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else to let him suffer ;
 What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself :
 That is, were I under the terms of death, 100
 The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed
 That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way :
 Better it were a brother died at once,

80. *enshield*, hidden.

82. *received*, conceived, understood.

86. *upon that pain*, under that penalty.

89. *As*, though.

90. *in the loss of question*, in the embarrassment of discussion ; simply as a means of

making my point clear.

94. *all-building law*, law which shapes the social structure. But the context concerns the restrictive, not the creative, function of law ; and Theobald's *all-binding* is plausible.

103. *have*, I have. Rowe printed 'I've.'

Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so? 110

Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses : lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a
tyrant ;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord ; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what
we mean :

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a foedary, but only he
Owe and succeed this weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
selves ;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women ! Help Heaven ! men their creation mar

111. *Ignomy*, ignominy (a common Shakespearean form).

122. *foedary*, associate (in 'frailty'). Both sense and metre support this word (used also in *Cymb.* iii. 2. 21) against the *feodary* of F₂, 3, 4, adopted in most modern editions. *Isabel* means: 'If my brother stands alone in this frailty you attribute to us all,—if no mortal else have rights of ownership and succession in it ("owe and

succeed"), then let him die.'

123. *this*. *Ff thy*. But Isabel cannot possibly use to Angelo the familiar 'thou,' nor, at this stage, the scornful 'thou' of v. 151 f. 'This' was proposed by Malone.

125. The comparison is proverbial: 'Glasses and lasses are brittle ware' (Hazlitt, *English Proverbs*).

127. *their creation*, those whom they create.

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail ;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang.

I think it well : 130

And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be
bold ;

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you're none ;
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one : gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language. 140

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha ! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose ! Seeming, seeming ! 150
I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for't :
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world
aloud

What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel ?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,

130. *prints*, impressions.

That you shall stifle in your own report
 And smell of calumny. I have begun,
 And now I give my sensual race the rein : 160
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ;
 Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
 That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will ;
 Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
 Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. 170

[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I
 tell this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof ;
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will ;
 Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
 To follow as it draws ! I'll to my brother :
 Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down 180
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorr'd pollution.
 Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

160. *race*, disposition.

162. *prolixious*, superfluous,
 irrelevant.

168. *affection*, impulse.

172. The apparently defective
 scansion is explained by the
 emphatic pause and the inter-
 jection 'O.' Walker proposed :
 'O pernicious mouths.'

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the prison.*

*Enter DUKE disguised as before, CLAUDIO,
and PROVOST.*

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope :

I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death ; either death
or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
life :

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep : a breath thou
art,

Servile to all the skyey influences,

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st, 10

Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun

And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not
noble ;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st

Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means
valiant ;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provokest ; yet grossly fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself ;

11. *merely*, absolutely.

15. *nursed by baseness*, due to

14. *accommodations*, comforts. the labour of mean men.

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains 20
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
 For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to
 get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not
 certain ;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor ;
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth
 nor age,
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
 Lie hid moe thousand deaths : yet death we fear, 40
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud.

I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die ;
 And, seeking death, find life : let it come on.

Isab. [*Within*] What, ho ! Peace here ; grace
 and good company !

Prov. Who's there ? come in : the wish de-
 serves a welcome.

23. *certain*, stable.

24. *effects*, outward, visible
 symptoms.

31. *serpigo*, an eruption of
 the skin.

35. *Becomes as aged*, suffers

privations through poverty, as
 age through failing strength.

40. *moe thousand*, a thousand
 more.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

50

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why,
As all comforts are ; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger :
Therefore your best appointment make with speed ; 60
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a
head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live :
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just ; perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,

59. *leiger*, resident. The occasion.

term was technically applied to
ambassadors who 'lay,' or re-
sided, long at one place, as
opposed to envoys for a special

60. *appointment*, equipment.

69. *vastidity*, vastness (ap-
parently Shakespeare's coin-
age).

To a determined scope.

Claud.

But in what nature?

70

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you
bear

And leave you naked.

Claud.

Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

80

Claud.

Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's
grave

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;

90

70. *a determined scope*, de-
fined bounds.

72. *bark*, strip.

74. *fear thee*, fear for thee.

79-81. The point of the com-
parison is not that the beetle
feels as much as the giant, but
that the giant feels no more than
the beetle.

83. *From flowery tenderness*,

i.e. do you think that, to make
me resolute, I must be treated
with this tender consideration
for my supposed weakness?

88. *conserve*, preserve.

89. *In base appliances*, by base
means.

91. *emmew*, coop up, force
to hide themselves (a technical
term of falconry).

Measure for Measure

ACT III

His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prenzie Angelo !

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards ! Dost thou think, Claudio ?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens ! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank
offence,

100

So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-
morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it ? Sure, it is no sin ;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

110

Isab. Which is the least ?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined ? O Isabel !

Isab. What says my brother ?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;

93. *cast*, cast up, vomited.

94. *prenzie*, prim.

97. *guards*, facings.

108. *affections*, passions.

114. *trick*, caprice.

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become 120
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and incertain thought
 Imagine howling : 'tis too horrible !
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life
 That age, ache, penury and imprisonment 130
 Can lay on nature is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas !

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live :
 What sin you do to save a brother's life,
 Nature dispenses with the deed so far
 That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast ! O you beast !
 O faithless coward ! O dishonest wretch !
 Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?
 Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
 From thine own sister's shame ? What should I
 think ? 140

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair !
 For such a warped slip of wilderness
 Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance !
 Die, perish ! Might but my bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed :

121. *delighted*, habituated to
 delight.

123. *thrilling*, piercingly cold.

127. *incertain*, not subjected
 to the control of definite know-
 ledge.

135. *dispenses with*, excuses.

141. *shield*, forefend. 'God
 forbid that my mother was true
 to my father,' i.e. avert that you
 should be his son.

142. *slip of wilderness*, wild
 slip.

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd : 150

'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one
word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure,
I would by and by have some speech with you :
the satisfaction I would require is likewise your
own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay
must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will
attend you awhile. [*Walks apart.* 160

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed
between you and your sister. Angelo had never
the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made
an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement
with the disposition of natures : she, having the
truth of honour in her, hath made him that
gracious denial which he is most glad to receive.
I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be
true ; therefore prepare yourself to death : do not
satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fal- 170
lible : to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees
and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am
so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid
of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit*
Claudio.] Provost, a word with you!

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my ¹⁸⁰ mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost. Isabella comes forward.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath ¹⁹⁰ examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as ²⁰⁰ the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I

183. In 'good time, Fr. 'à la bonne heure,' good, very well. goodness is not the soul of beauty, but its slighted and vendible accompaniment, beauty

185 f. the goodness that is itself is fugitive.'
 cheap in beauty, etc., 'When 199. discover, disclose.

have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this ²¹⁰ business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name. 220

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-²³⁰ dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which

205. *uprightously*, uprightly.

224. *limit*, date.

231. *combinate*, betrothed.

she yet wears for his sake ; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take ²⁴⁰
this poor maid from the world ! What corruption
in this life, that it will let this man live ! But
how out of this can she avail ?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily
heal : and the cure of it not only saves your
brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her
the continuance of her first affection : his unjust
unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched ²⁵⁰
her love, hath, like an impediment in the current,
made it more violent and unruly. Go you to
Angelo ; answer his requiring with a plausible
obedience ; agree with his demands to the point ;
only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that
your stay with him may not be long ; that the
time may have all shadow and silence in it ; and
the place answer to convenience. This being
granted in course,—and now follows all,—we
shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your ²⁶⁰
appointment, go in your place ; if the encounter
acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him
to her recompense : and here, by this, is your
brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor
Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy
scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for
his attempt. If you think well to carry this as
you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends
the deceit from reproof. What think you of it ?

243. *avail*, derive advantage.

260. *stead up your appointment*, supply the place you have engaged to fill.

266. *scaled*, weighed ; tried in the balance.

266. *frame*, prepare.

Isab. The image of it gives me content already ; 270
and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous
perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste
you speedily to Angelo : if for this night he en-
treat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfac-
tion. I will presently to Saint Luke's : there, at
the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana.
At that place call upon me ; and dispatch with
Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you 280
well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

*Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before ; on
the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but
that you will needs buy and sell men and women
like beasts, we shall have all the world drink
brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens ! what stuff is here ?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two
usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser
allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him
warm ; and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to
signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, 10
stands for the facing.

Sc. ii. In F there is no change
of scene.

4. *bastard*, a sweet Spanish
wine.

7 f. *the worser*, i.e. money-
lending. The furred gown was
commonly worn by substantial

merchants. The gown is repre-
sented as faced with foxskin for
'craft,' and lined with lambskin
for 'innocency.' Singer quotes
from *Characterismi*, 1631 : 'A
usurer is an old fox clad in lamb-
skin.'

Measure for Measure

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd! 20
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; 30
but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs
for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has
given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a
whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes
before him, he were as good go a mile on his
errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem
to be, 40
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

14. *good brother father.* This joke suggests that the word *friar* still carried the associations of 'brother.'

40, 41. 'Would we were all as free from faults as some men are from seeming faulty!'

Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it? 50

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; 60 it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: 70 bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-

52. *Trot*, name for a decrepit old woman.

62. *unshunned*, inevitable.

born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey : you will turn good husband now, Pompey ; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey ; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage : if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 80
'Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir ?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar ? what news ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey ; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey and Officers.*] What news, friar, 90
of the duke ?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia ; other some, he is in Rome : but where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where ; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well 100
in his absence ; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him : something too crabbed that way, friar.

78. *wear*, dress, fashion.

86. *Then nor now*, neither then nor now.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be 110 put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace. 120

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way. 130

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

119. *a motion generative*, a puppet begotten (but having no power to beget). If right, the passage is an instance of the passive use of the suffix *-ive*. Theobald emended: *ungenerative*.

129. *detected*, accused.

135. *clack-dish*, the wooden alms-dish with a movable cover which beggars clacked and clattered to show that it was empty. The phrase contains an equivocal.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

140

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testified in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice.

150

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

160

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

138. *inward*, intimate.

147. *unweighing*, void of judgment.

144. *the greater file of the subject*, the majority of his subjects.

151. *helmed*, piloted, directed.

156. *unskilfully*, without understanding.

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

170

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

180

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, 190 good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

200

182. *tun-dish*, funnel.

184. *ungenitured*, without genital organs.

190. *untrussing*. To untruss

was to detach the laces which supported the hose.

192. *mutton*, an equivocal term for a wanton woman.

*Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and Officers with
MISTRESS OVERDONE.*

Escal. Go ; away with her to prison !

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me ; your honour is accounted a merciful man ; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind ! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's informa- 210
tion against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time ; he promised her marriage : his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob : I have kept it myself ; and see how he goes about to abuse me !

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license : let him be called before us. Away with her to prison ! Go to ; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mistress Ov.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered ; Claudio must die to-morrow : 220
let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you !

Escal. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance
is now

230

206. *forfeit*, liable to penalty.

214. *Philip and Jacob*, the day of these saints, 1st May.

To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever
on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure
it : novelty is only in request ; and it is as danger-
ous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is
virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There
is scarce truth enough alive to make societies ²⁴⁰
secure ; but security enough to make fellowships
accurst : much upon this riddle runs the wisdom
of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is
every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what dis-
position was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, con-
tended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry,
than merry at any thing which professed to make ²⁵⁰
him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance. But
leave we him to his events, with a prayer they
may prove prosperous ; and let me desire to know
how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to
understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sin-
ister measure from his judge, but most willingly
humbles himself to the determination of justice :
yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction
of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life ; ²⁶⁰
which I by my good leisure have discredited to
him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your func-

^{241.} *security* (playing on the
legal sense), entreaties to stand
surety.

^{252.} *his events*, the issue of
his affairs.

tion, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein ²⁷⁰ if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying

Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking!

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

To weed my vice and let his grow!

O, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outward side!

How may likeness made in crimes,

Making practice on the times,

To draw with idle spiders' strings

280

275-296. These lines are harshly expressed, in parts corrupt, and probably, as a whole, spurious.

278. 'Grace to resist evil, and virtue to be active in good.'

284. *my vice.* The duke speaks as a representative of men at large, not in his own person.

287 f. *How may likeness made in crimes,* etc. The thought intended is clearly: 'How hypocrisy succeeds!' But neither syntax nor expression is satisfactory. Malone proposed *wade* for *made*: 'How may hypocrisy ('seeming') wade in crimes, playing tricks upon the world, so as to attract to itself substantial advantages by empty pretence!'

Most ponderous and substantial things !
 Craft against vice I must apply :
 With Angelo to-night shall lie
 His old betrothed but despised ;
 So disguise shall, by the disguised,
 Pay with falsehood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting.

290

[*Exit.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The moated grange at St LUKE'S.*

Enter MARIANA and a BOY.

BOY *sings.*

Take, O, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn :
 But my kisses bring again, bring again ;
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.
Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
 away :

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[*Exit Boy.*

Enter DUKE disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir ; and well could wish

10

294. *by the disguised, i.e.*
 Mariana.

Song. This song is found in
 Fletcher's *The Bloody Brother*,
 followed by a second and much
 inferior stanza :—

Hide, oh hide, those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that glow
 Are of those that April wears,
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

You had not found me here so musical :
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
 My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good ; though music oft hath such
 a charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
 I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for
 me here to-day ? much upon this time have I
 promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after : I
 have sat here all day.

20

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time
 is come even now. I shall crave your forbear-
 ance a little : may be I will call upon you anon,
 for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come.

What is the news from this good deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
 Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ;
 And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
 That makes his opening with this bigger key :
 This other doth command a little door
 Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
 There have I made my promise
 Upon the heavy middle of the night
 To call upon him.

30

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find
 this way ?

13. *My mirth it much dis-
 pleased, but pleased my woe.* It
 soothed my sorrow, but checked
 any disposition I might have to
 merriment.

21. *constantly*, unhesitatingly.
 28. *circummured*, walled
 about.

30. *planch'd*, made of planks.
 31. *his*, its.

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't :
 With whispering and most guilty diligence,
 In action all of precept, he did show me 40
 The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
 Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark ;
 And that I have possess'd him my most stay
 Can be but brief ; for I have made him know
 I have a servant comes with me along,
 That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
 I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
 I have not yet made known to Mariana
 A word of this. What, ho ! within ! come forth ! 50

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid ;
 She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect
 you ?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have
 found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the
 hand,
 Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure : but make haste ;
 The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside ?

[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*]

Duke. O place and greatness ! millions of false
 eyes 60
 Are stuck upon thee : volumes of report

44. *possess'd*, informed.

44. *most*, utmost.

48. *borne up*, supported.

Run with these false and most contrarious quests
 Upon thy doings : thousand escapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
 And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome, how agreed ?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her,
 father,
 If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
 But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
 When you depart from him, but, soft and low
 'Remember now my brother.'

Mari. Fear me not. 70

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
 He is your husband on a pre-contract :
 To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
 Sith that the justice of your title to him
 Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go :
 Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the prison.*

Enter PROVOST and POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off
 a man's head ?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can ;

62. *quests*, inquiries.

75. *flourish*, colour, varnish.

76. *tithe*. So Ff. This may
 possibly be explained (with
 Knight) as the seed to be sown

—the tenth of the harvest ; but
 this usage has not been proved.
 Warburton very plausibly sub-
 stituted *tilth*, i.e. land to be
 sown, as in *Temp.* ii. i. 152.

but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you 10 to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Ab- 20 horson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery. 30

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

6. *snatches*, scraps of wit.

13. *unpitied*, merciless.

Abhor. Ay, sir ; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery ; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery : but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine. 40

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief : if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough ; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough : so every true man's apparel fits your thief. 50

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him ; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd ; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd ; I will instruct thee in my trade ; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir : and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare ; for truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. 60

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio :

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*]

The one has my pity ; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

47. *if it be too little . . . thief.* asked for. The correction was made by Capell.

Ff give this to Pompey, but it is hard to see with what dramatic propriety he can be made to supply the 'proof' he has just

61. *yare*, ready.

64. *The one* (pronounced *Thone*).

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death :
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine ?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless
labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones :
He will not wake.

70

Prov. Who can do good on him ?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*]
But, hark, what noise ?
Heaven give your spirits comfort ! [*Exit Claudio.*]
By and by.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE *disguised as before.*

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the
night
Envelope you, good Provost ! Who call'd here of
late ?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel ?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio ?

80

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so ; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice :

82, 83. His own life conforms precisely to the lines of conduct he enforces as a judge. *Stroke* refers primarily to the *line* thus laid down, but also suggests the penal axe.

He doth with holy abstinence subdue
 That in himself which he spurs on his power
 To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
 Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
 But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*

Now are they come.

[*Exit Provost.*

This is a gentle provost: seldom when
 The steeled gaoler is the friend of men. 90

[*Knocking within.*

How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd
 with haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these
 strokes.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
 Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
 But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
 You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily
 You something know; yet I believe there comes
 No countermand; no such example have we: 100
 Besides, upon the very siege of justice
 Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
 Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a MESSENGER.

This is his lordship's man.

86. *meal'd*, defiled.

92. *unsisting*, (probably) un-
 resisting, *i.e.* not resenting or
 avenging its 'wounds.' No
 satisfactory emendation has been

proposed.

98. *Happily*, haply.

101. *siege*, seat.

103. *This . . . man.* Ff give
 this speech to the duke, and the

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [*Giving a paper.*] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.* 110

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in,
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he 120 hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads*]

'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.'

130

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

following one, 'And here . . . correction was made by Tyrwhitt, pardon,' to the provost. The 120. *putting-on*, urgency.

Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for ¹⁴⁰ him : and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more
dreadfully but as a drunken sleep ; careless, reck- ¹⁵⁰
less, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come ; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none : he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison ; give him leave to escape hence, he would not : drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it : ¹⁶⁰
it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy : if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me ; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my

141. *fact*, crime.

144. *apparent*, patent.

152. *mortality*, death.

ib. *desperately mortal*, doomed to death without hope of salvation. Others interpret : 'terribly

near to death,' 'desperate in his incurring of death.' But both the context and the duke's comment support the theological interpretation.

165. *the boldness of my cunning*, the confidence of my skill.

self in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you¹⁷⁰ are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant¹⁸⁰ you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard: and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon¹⁹⁰ this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no

^{185.} *favour*, face.

offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your ²⁰⁰ dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both. 210

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: ²²⁰ all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away: it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another room in the same.*

Enter POMPEY.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was

^{218.} *the unfolding star, the* the shepherd unfolds his flock.
^{morning star, upon whose rising} ^{225.} *resolve, convince.*

in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of 10 Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, 20 forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

5. *he's in for a commodity of brown paper*, etc. Usurers were accustomed to increase their profits by making their loans partly in cheap commodities reckoned far above their value, which the borrower then realised at a heavy loss. Usurers were thence known as 'brown-paper merchants.' *Commodity*, quantity of wares, parcel.

20. *are now 'for the Lord's*

sake,' i.e. are in a debtors' prison; it being the custom of the prisoners to appeal through their grated windows to the passers-by in these words.

24. *hanged*, executed. The verb, like the noun 'hangman,' was used with reference to the block as well as the gallows. Cf. Macbeth's allusion to his blood-stained 'hangman's hands.'

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am ³⁰ sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir. 40

Enter BARNARDINE.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day. 50

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter DUKE *disguised as before.*

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

43. *clap into*, promptly begin.

Measure for Measure

ACT IV

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you

60

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit.*

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*

Enter PROVOST.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner? 70

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;

And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

80

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,

72. transport him, i.e. to another world.

And sent according to command ; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon :
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive ?

Duke. Let this be done. 90
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and
Claudio :

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to
Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound 100
To enter publicly : him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount
A league below the city ; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return ;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here ! 110

92. *journal*, daily.

93. *the under*, Hanmer's reading for *Ff yond*.

Measure for Measure

ACT IV

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither :
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave !

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world :

His head is off and sent to Angelo.

120

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other : show your wisdom, daughter,

In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes !

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio ! wretched Isabel !

Injurious world ! most damned Angelo !

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot ;
Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find

130

By every syllable a faithful verity :

'The duke comes home to-morrow : nay, dry your eyes ;

One of our covent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance : already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

134. *instance*, intimation.

137. *pace*, set in motion.

In that good path that I would wish it go,
 And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
 Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart, 140
 And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give ;
 'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return :
 Say, by this token, I desire his company
 At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and
 yours

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
 Before the duke, and to the head of Angelo
 Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
 I am combined by a sacred vow
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter : 150
 Command these fretting waters from your eyes
 With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,
 If I pervert your course. Who's here ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where's the provost ?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine
 heart to see thine eyes so red : thou must be
 patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water
 and bran ; I dare not for my head fill my belly ; 160
 one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they
 say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my
 troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother : if the old
 fantastical duke of dark corners had been at
 home, he had lived.

[Exit Isabella.]

139. *your bosom*, your heart's
 desire.

147. *to the head of Angelo*, to
 his face.

149. *combined*, bound.

164. *duke of dark corners* ;
 the innuendo is explained by
 Lucio's next speech.

Measure for Measure

ACT IV

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports ; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do : he's a better woodman than thou ¹⁷⁰ takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry ; I'll go along with thee : I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true ; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child. 180

Duke. Did you such a thing ?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I : but I was fain to forswear it ; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end : if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr ; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.* 190

SCENE IV. *A room in ANGELO's house.*

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness : pray

^{170.} *woodman, hunter (of female game).*

heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress 10 of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes i' the morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him. 20

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Ang. Good night. [*Exit Escalus.*]

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!

And by an eminent body that enforced

The law against it! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;

For my authority bears of a credent bulk,

That no particular scandal once can touch 30

6. *redeliver*, Capell's emendation for *F₁ re-liver*.

19. *men of sort and suit*, rank and service. *Suit* was a feudal term for the duty of attendance on the liege-lord.

23. *unpregnant*, unready.

28. *dares her no*, overawes her from it.

29. *bears of a credent bulk*. This is clearly wrong, but no convincing emendation has been proposed. 'Bears a credent bulk,' 'bears so credent bulk,' are plausible. 'Credent bulk' is 'weight or mass of credit.'

30. *particular*, private.

But it confounds the breather. He should have
 lived,
 Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
 Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life
 With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had
 lived !
 Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
 Nothing goes right : we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Fields without the town.*

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me :
[*Giving letters.*

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
 The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special drift ;
 Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
 As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
 And tell him where I stay : give the like notice
 To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate ;
 But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.* 10

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius ; thou hast made
 good haste :
 Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

5. *blench*, fly off.

SCENE VI. *Street near the city gate.*

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath :
I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,
That is your part : yet I am advised to do it ;
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physis
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace ! the friar is come.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand
most fit, 10
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
sounded ;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering : therefore, hence, away !
[*Exeunt.*]

13. *generous*, most generous ;
best-born (-est of 'gravest' qualifies both adjectives).

14. *very near upon the duke*
is entering, is on the point of entering.

14. *hent*, passed.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The city gate.*

MARIANA *veiled*, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER,
at their stand. Enter DUKE, VARRIUS,
 LORDS, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST,
 OFFICERS, and CITIZENS, *at several doors.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met !
 Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. } Happy return be to your royal grace !
Escal. }

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
 We have made inquiry of you ; and we hear
 Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
 Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
 Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud ; and I should
 wrong it,
 To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
 When it deserves, with characters of brass,
 A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
 And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
 And let the subject see, to make them know
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
 Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,
 You must walk by us on our other hand ;
 And good supporters are you.

10

12. *A fortified residence 'gainst*, a residence fortified against.

FRIAR PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

Fri. P. Now is your time : speak loud and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke ! Vail your regard 20
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid !
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

Duke. Relate your wrongs ; in what ? by whom ?
be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice :
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak 30
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me,
here !

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not
firm :
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isab. By course of justice !

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I
speak :
That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?
That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange ?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator ;
Is it not strange and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

20. *Vail*, lower.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange :
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her ! Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion 50
That I am touch'd with madness ! Make not
impossible

That which but seems unlike : 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain ; believe it, royal prince :
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,— 60
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
For inequality ; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would
you say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,

52. *unlike*, unlikely.

54. *absolute*, faultless.

56. *characts*, distinctive marks.

65. *inequality*, inconsistency.

Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70
 To lose his head ; condemn'd by Angelo :
 I, in probation of a sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother ; one Lucio
 As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That 's I, an't like your grace :
 I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
 To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
 For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That 's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord ;
 Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then ;
 Pray you, take note of it : and when you have 80
 A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
 Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself ; take heed
 to 't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my
 tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right ; but you are i' the wrong
 To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went
 To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it ;
 The phrase is to the matter. 90

Duke. Mended again. The matter ; proceed.

Isab. In brief, to set the needless process by,
 How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
 How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—

90. *to the matter*, germane to the matter, fitted to the facts.

94. *refell'd*, rebutted.

For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
 I now begin with grief and shame to utter :
 He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
 To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
 Release my brother ; and, after much debatement,
 My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, 100
 And I did yield to him : but the next morn be-
 times,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
 For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely !

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true !

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st
 not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
 In hateful practice. First, his integrity
 Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no
 reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue
 Faults proper to himself : if he had so offended, 110
 He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself
 And not have cut him off. Some one hath set
 you on :

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
 Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all ?

Then, O you blessed ministers above,
 Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
 Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
 In countenance ! Heaven shield your grace from
 woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go !

98. *concupiscible*, concupiscent. The termination *-ible* is active, as often.

100. *remorse*, pity.

107. *practice*, plot, intrigue.

108. *imports no reason*, carries no reason with it.

118. *countenance*, authority ; the authoritative protection extended to Angelo.

Duke. I know you 'ld fain be gone. An officer ! 120
To prison with her ! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us ? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither ?

Isab. One that I would were here, Friar
Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows
that Lodowick ?

Lucio. My lord, I know him ; 'tis a meddling
friar ;

I do not like the man : had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swung him soundly. 130

Duke. Words against me ! this' a good friar,
belike !

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute ! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that
friar,

I saw them at the prison : a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal grace !
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute, 140
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of ?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy ;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman ;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet

131. *this'* (so F₁), this is ; a frequent colloquial contraction. 145. *temporary meddler*, a meddler in temporal affairs.

Measure for Measure

ACT V

Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously ; believe it.

Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself ;

150

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,

Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,

Being come to knowledge that there was complaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,

To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true and false ; and what he with his oath

And all probation will make up full clear,

Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman,

So vulgarly and personally accused,

160

Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,

Till she herself confess it.

Duke.

Good friar, let's hear it.

[*Isabella is carried off guarded ; and Mariana comes forward.*]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo ?

O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools !

Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo ;

In this I'll be impartial ; be you judge

Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar ?

First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord ; I will not show my face

Until my husband bid me.

170

Duke. What, are you married ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid ?

152. *Upon his mere request,*
solely at his request.

158. *convented*, formally summoned.

160. *vulgarly*, publicly.

166. *impartial*, unconcerned, not taking part.

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. 180

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married; And I confess besides I am no maid: I have known my husband; yet my husband Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou 190 wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:

She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know. 200

Duke. No? you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my
body;

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

205. *abuse*, imposition.

Mari. My husband bids me ; now I will un-
mask. [Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou sworest was worth the looking
on ;

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine ; this is the body 210
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman ?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more !

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this
woman :

And five years since there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her ; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition, but in chief 220
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity : since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows : and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true, 230

212. *garden-house*, summer-
house.

219. *proportions*, portion.

220. *of composition*, of the
stipulated amount.

Let me in safety raise me from my knees ;
 Or else for ever be confixed here,
 A marble monument !

Ang. I did but smile till now :
 Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;
 My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive
 These poor informal women are no more
 But instruments of some more mightier member
 That sets them on : let me have way, my lord,
 To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart ;
 And punish them to your height of pleasure. 240
 Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
 Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy
 oaths,
 Though they would swear down each particular
 saint,
 Were testimonies against his worth and credit
 That's seal'd in approbation ? You, Lord Escalus,
 Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains
 To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
 There is another friar that set them on ;
 Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord ! for he
 indeed 250
 Hath set the women on to this complaint :
 Your provost knows the place where he abides
 And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go do it instantly. [*Exit Provost.*]
 And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
 Do with your injuries as seems you best,

236. *informal*, demented,
 wanting the usual measure of
 intelligence. A 'formal capa-
 city' meant a normal under-
 standing.

242. *Compact*, in league.

254. *well-warranted*. The
 word *warrant* was colloquially
 monosyllabic, as it is still in
 dialect.

In any chastisement : I for a while will leave you ;
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it throughly.

260

[*Exit Duke.*]

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar
Lodowick to be a dishonest person ?

Lucio. 'Cucullus non facit monachum : ' honest
in nothing but in his clothes ; and one that hath
spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till
he come and enforce them against him : we shall
find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again : 270
I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]
Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question ;
you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you ?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she would sooner confess : perchance,
publicly, she 'll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way ; for women are light 280
at midnight.

*Re-enter OFFICERS with ISABELLA ; and PROVOST
with the DUKE in his friar's habit.*

Escal. Come on, mistress : here 's a gentle-
woman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
of ; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time : speak not you to
him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you ²⁹⁰ did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!

Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? ³⁰⁰

Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,

And put your trial in the villain's mouth

Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth

And in the witness of his proper ear, ³¹⁰

To call him villain? and then to glance from him

To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?

Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll

touse you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.

What, 'unjust'!

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he

303. *retort*, not merely reject, dressed to the man whose crime
but forcibly turn back upon was the subject of it.
itself by causing it to be ad- 310. *proper*, own.

Dare rack his own : his subject am I not
 Nor here provincial. My business in this state
 Made me a looker on here in Vienna,
 Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble 320
 Till it o'er-run the stew ; laws for all faults,
 But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
 Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
 As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state ! Away with him
 to prison !

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior
 Lucio ?

Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-
 man baldpate : do you know me ?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of 330
 your voice : I met you at the prison, in the absence
 of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so ? And do you remember
 what you said of the duke ?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir ? And was the duke a
 fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then
 reported him to be ?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me,
 ere you make that my report : you, indeed, spoke 340
 so of him ; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow ! Did not I
 pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches ?

Duke. I protest I love the duke as I love
 myself.

318. *Nor here provincial*, not
 subject to the ecclesiastical au-
 thorities of this province.

321. *stew*, caldron.

323. *the forfeits in a barber's
 shop*, the fines nominally im-
 posed for breach of the (often
 jocular) rules of behaviour sus-
 pended in the barbers' shops.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now,
after his treasonable abuses !

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal.
Away with him to prison ! Where is the provost ?
Away with him to prison ! lay bolts enough upon ³⁵⁰
him : let him speak no more. Away with those
giglots too, and with the other confederate com-
panion !

Duke. [*To Provost*] Stay, sir ; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he ? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir ; come, sir ; come, sir ; foh,
sir ! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must
be hooded, must you ? Show your knave's visage,
with a pox to you ! show your sheep-biting face,
and be hanged an hour ! Will 't not off ? ³⁶⁰

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and
discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er madest
a duke.

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir ; for the friar and
you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke I
pardon : sit you down :

We'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by
your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office ? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out. ³⁷⁰

Ang. . . . O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,

346. *close*, make terms.

352. *giglots*, loose women.

When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession :
Immediate sentence then and sequent death
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her
instantly.

Do you the office, friar ; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter
and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dis-
honour

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince : as I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon, 390
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty !

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel :
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart ;
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,

375. *passes*, proceedings.

388. *Advertising*, instruct-
ing.

388. *holy to*, devoted to.

391. *pain'd*, put to trouble.

393. *free*, generous.

It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on, 400
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with
him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your
comfort,

So happy is your brother.

Isab.

I do, my lord.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER,
and PROVOST.

Duke. For this new-married man approaching
here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your
brother,—

Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach 410
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR
MEASURE.

Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee
vantage.

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste. 420

Away with him!

406. *salt*, lustful.

418. *denies thee vantage*, thy denial avails thee nothing.

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a
husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life
And choke your good to come : for his posses-
sions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord, 430

I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him ; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death ! [To Lucio] Now, sir,
to you.

Mari. O my good lord ! Sweet Isabel, take my
part ;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her :
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, 440
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me ;
Hold up your hands, say nothing ; I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad : so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee ?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

429. widow, endow, give as jointure.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
 Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
 As if my brother lived : I partly think 450
 A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
 Till he did look on me : since it is so,
 Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
 In that he did the thing for which he died :
 For Angelo,
 His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
 And must be buried but as an intent
 That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
 Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say. 460
 I have bethought me of another fault.
 Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
 At an unusual hour ?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

Prov. No, my good lord ; it was by private
 message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your
 office :

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
 Yet did repent me, after more advice :
 For testimony whereof, one in the prison, 470
 That should by private order else have died,
 I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
 Go fetch him hither ; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

469. *advice*, reflection.

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure :
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy ;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

480

*Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO
muffled, and JULIET.*

Duke. Which is that Barnardine ?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life according. Thou'rt con-
demn'd :

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all ;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him ;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's
that ?

490

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his
head ;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Unmuffles Claudio.*]

Duke. [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother,
for his sake

Is he pardon'd ; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine,

490. *advise him, give him* lute, but express the condition
spiritual counsel. by which Claudio will become

497. *Give me your hand, etc.* his brother : ' provided that you
The imperatives are not abso- give,' etc.

He is my brother too : but fitter time for that.
 By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;
 Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
 Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well :
 Look that you love your wife ; her worth worth
 yours.

500

I find an apt remission in myself ;
 And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
 [*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool,
 a coward,
 One all of luxury, an ass, a madman ;
 Wherein have I so deserved of you,
 That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
 to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you
 may ; but I had rather it would please you I might
 be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hanged after.
 Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
 Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
 As I have heard him swear himself there's one
 Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
 And he shall marry her : the nuptial finish'd,
 Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry
 me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I
 made you a duke : good my lord, do not recom-
 pense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
 Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal
 Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison ;
 And see our pleasure herein executed.

501. *quits you well*, brings
 you in a good return.

503. *apt remission*, readiness
 to pardon.

506. *luxury*, licentiousness.

510. *trick*, fashion.

526. *forfeits*, penalties. *Lucio*
 is therefore not (as is often sup-
 posed) 'whipt and hanged,' any
 more than Angelo is beheaded.

Measure for Measure

ACT V

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

530

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*]

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.

Joy to you, Mariana ! Love her, Angelo :

I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness :

There's more behind that is more grate.

Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy :

We shall employ thee in a worthier place.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's :

The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,

540

I have a motion much imports your good ;

Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.

So, bring us to our palace ; where we'll show

What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

535. *gratulate*, gratifying.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, king of Troy.

HECTOR,	}	his sons.
TROILUS,		
PARIS,		
DEIPHOBUS,		
HELENUS,		

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.

ÆNEAS,	}	Trojan commanders.
ANTENOR,		

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks

PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.

MENELAUS, his brother.

ACHILLES,	}	Grecian princes.
AJAX,		
ULYSSES,		
NESTOR,		
DIOMEDES,		
PATROCLUS,		

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.*

Dramatis Personæ. The list was first added by Rowe.

INTRODUCTION

THE fame of its story has contributed as much as its many enigmatic and its many splendid qualities, to give this drama a unique position among Shakespeare's works. Elsewhere, Shakespeare has commonly avoided the great master-themes of literature ; here he became the rival of Chaucer, Boccaccio and Homer. It would not have surprised us if the man whose peculiar art lay in creating 'a soul within the ribs' of a dead or moribund tale should have failed to figure in the procession of the poets of the tale of Troy. But it is strange that, in that procession, having joined it, he should play the role of the ironic caricaturist, not only degrading a beautiful and noble tradition, which for the sake of dramatic truth he might, but degrading it without vindicating the added 'realism' by added reality. *Troilus and Cressida* is strangely mingled of splendour and foulness, of rhetorical strength and dramatic perversity. In its own day it had, as it always must have, admiring readers : but its *longueurs* told on the stage, and its history there has been almost a blank. The most signal event in the history was without doubt the attempt of Dryden, in 1679, to 'correct' what he regarded as 'one of Shakespeare's first endeavours for the stage.' In the remarkable preliminary discourse on 'The grounds of Criticism in Tragedy'

Troilus and Cressida

he wrote thus of it: 'For the play itself, the Author seems to have begun it with some fire; the characters of Pandarus and Thersites are promising enough; but as if he grew weary of his task, after an Entrance or two, he lets 'em fall; and the later part of the Tragedy is nothing but a confusion of Drums and Trumpets, Excursions and Alarms. The chief persons, who give name to the Tragedy, are kept alive: Cressida is false, and is not punish'd. Yet after all because the piece was Shakespeare's, and that there appear'd in some places of it the admirable genius of the author, I undertook to remove that heap of rubbish under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly bury'd, in particular, at the suggestion of Betherton, one between Hector and Troilus.'

Troilus and Cressida was first printed in two quarto editions of 1609. The text of the play is identical in both; but the title-pages differ, and are as follows:

(1) The | Historie of Troylus | and Cresseida. |
As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties | seruants at
the Globe. | *Written by* William Shakespeare. |
LONDON | Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and
H. Walley, and | are to be sold at the spred Eagle
in Paules | Churchyard, ouer against the | great
North doore, | 1609. |

(2) The | Famous Historie of | Troylus and
Cresseid. | *Excellently expressing the beginning* | of
their loues, with the conceited wooing | of *Pandarus*
Prince of *Licia*. | *Written by* William Shakespeare
[the remainder as in (1)].

It will be seen that the second title differs from the first in omitting the mention of a performance. In a preface, peculiar to (2), the reader is further assured with great emphasis that he has here 'a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-

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clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical.' The anonymous author of this preface, which is a vivacious and not ill-written document, goes on to deliver a glowing eulogy of Shakespeare's comedies, 'amongst all [which] there is none more witty than this'; and ends with a mocking defiance of his Company,—the 'grand possessors' of the MS. of the play, now piratically given to the world.

How were these two editions related? Two theories have been advanced. The earlier editors, taking the statements of the title-page of (1) and the preface of (2) literally, inferred that the performance by the King's Servants must have taken place in the interval between them, consequently that (1) was later than (2). But the Cambridge editors and Mr. Stokes, the editor of the Quarto facsimile, have shown, from a close examination of the two quartos, that the title (1) 'was the original one, and that in some copies this was cancelled, and the new title and preface inserted on a new half-sheet and with a new signature.' The title of (1) and the preface of (2) were thus brought into an apparent contradiction which the Cambridge editors, less happily, sought to solve by suggesting that Quarto (1) was issued for the theatre and Quarto (2) for general readers, the assertion that the play was 'new' and 'never stal'd with the stage' meaning only that it had never been printed before;—'unless we suppose that the publisher was more careful to say what would recommend his book than what was literally true.'

More recent study of the play, particularly in the light of contemporary dramatic history, has supplied a more satisfactory solution. Shakespeare, as will be seen below, had undoubtedly been occupied at more than one period with the story of *Troilus and*

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Cressida ; an earlier version existed and had been performed, though never published ; the publishers of the final version seem to have first tried to recommend it to those who remembered the old play by ignoring its differences, and then to those, perhaps more numerous, who 'praised new-born gauds, tho' they are made and moulded of things past,' by ignoring its partial identity.

More complex questions are raised by the version of the play subsequently included in the Folio. Minute examination of the original copies has disclosed that it was originally meant to follow *Romeo and Juliet*, that is, to stand fourth in the series of Tragedies. Finally, however, it was transferred to a neutral place between the Histories and Tragedies, —three pages (79, 80, and 82) retaining the original pagination, and the original heading '*The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida*,' while the remainder were left unpagged and headed with the bare title '*Troylus and Cressida*.' The pagination of the Tragedies begins with the next play, *Coriolanus*. These changes seem to show that the Editors hesitated, as well they might, to include it among the Tragedies. It is difficult to believe, however, that they ever thought of grouping it with the well-defined class of Shakespearean Histories. The place assigned to it at the last moment may express merely their inability to classify it at all.

The Folio text thus published differed widely from that of the two Quartos. And the advantage does not lie entirely with the authentic text. The base-born, it must be allowed, 'tops the legitimate.' In no instance was the claim of Heminge and Condell to present 'cured and perfect of their limbs,' the works that before were 'mained and deformed,' more gratuitous than in this. But neither text is flawless.

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The divergences may be grouped as follows:—

1. Passages wanting in one text (nearly always in the Quarto). These include:

(i) Passages clearly Shakespearean. Several of these seem rather due to skilful insertion in the one text, than to accidental omission in the other. Thus: iv. 4. 78: Q has

The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
And swelling ore with arts and exercise.

F₁ has:

The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their loving well compos'd, with guift of nature,
Flawing [flowing] and swelling ore with Arts and exercise.

The addition converts the lines from Shakespeare's early to his mature manner.

So, in iii. 3. 161, the fine simile of 'the gallant horse fall'n in first rank' is omitted in Q. Its Shakespearean quality is beyond doubt, but it adds only to the beauty of the passage, not to its sense or clearness; the metre it even disturbs. So, probably, in iv. 5. 165-170, the style of which strikingly contrasts with the early manner of the preceding couplets.

On the other hand, the speech of Agamemnon in i. 3. 70-75, seems to be an integral part of the scene, omitted perhaps, on account of a too transparent allusion to Dekker, in the copy from which Q was printed.

(ii) Passages clearly non-Shakespearean (in F):
e.g. v. 3. 112: F₁ has

Pand. Why, but heare you?
Troil. Hence broker-lackie! ignomine and shame
Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

These lines F repeats, with slight variation, in
v. 10. 32.

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2. *Variations.*

(i) Blunders in Q are corrected in F.

These are mostly obvious and due to carelessness. The more phonetic and archaic spelling of Q is also reduced by F to a more modern type.

One of the most curious blunders in Q is in ii. 3. 222 :

‘I’ll tell his humours blood’ for ‘I’ll let his humours blood.’

(ii) But the F makes fresh blunders of its own.

Thus in Troilus’ speech, ii. 2. 45, the two lines 45 and 46 are inverted in F, making nonsense.

(iii) In a few cases, a reading in Q not in itself suspicious is replaced by a more forcible one in F :
Thus : ii. 2. 279 :

(Q) makes pale the morning.

(F) makes stale the morning.

(iv) But in a far larger number of cases, it is Q which exhibits the more forcible, the more Shakespearean and the more difficult reading, F which substitutes one tamer and more conventional.

Thus : ii. 2. 58 :

Q The will dotes, that is *attributive*
To what infectiously itself infects.

F *inclinable*.

Q ii. 3. 111 :

[The elephant’s] legs are legs for necessity, not for *flexure*,
F *flight*.

So iii. 3. 137 :

Q *fasting*.

F *feasting*.

iv. 4. 4 :

violenteth

no less,

where apparently it was sought to regulate the metre.

v. 2. 144 :

Bi-fold authority,

F₁ *By foul authority*.

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These variations point to the following conclusions:

The Quarto text was printed somewhat carelessly and ignorantly from an authentic and fairly accurate copy of Shakespeare's MS. : the Folio text, also carelessly printed, had undergone revision, here and there from Shakespeare's hand, but to a much greater extent and probably after his death, by a correcting and polishing editor of somewhat inferior quality.

Apart from slight additions possibly made by Shakespeare between the dates of the Q and the F, the date of the Quarto, 1609, may then be taken as the downward limit for the composition of the play. It is certain that Shakespeare had been concerned with the story of Troilus and Cressida at least ten years earlier; for the dramatic satire, *Histrionomastix*, which cannot be later than 1599, contains the following burlesque of a play on this subject, pointed with a pun on Shakespeare's name :

Troy. Come, Cressida, my cresset light,
Thy face doth shine both day and night.
Behold, behold, thy garter blue . . .
Thy knight his valiant elbow wears,
That when he shakes his furious speare,
The foe in shivering fearful sort
May lay him down in death to snort.

Cress. O knight, with valour in thy face,
Here take my skreene, wear it for grace,
Within thy helmet put the same,
Therewith to make thy enemies lame.

In April 1599 another play, *Troilus and Cressida*, was produced by Dekker and Chettle for Henslowe.¹ Its title seems to have been finally altered to *The Tragedy of Agamemnon*, under which Henslowe records it a few weeks later. On 7th February 1602-3 a 'book' called *Troilus and Cressida*, 'as it is acted by the Lord Chamberlain's men,' was entered in the

¹ Henslowe's *Diary*, under this date.

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Stationers' Register in the name of James Roberts, to be printed 'when he hath gotten sufficient authority for it.' This he evidently did not get; but the reference to Shakespeare's company leaves no doubt that it was, in some form or other, Shakespeare's play.

We thus have evidence of a Shakespearean *Troilus and Cressida* that was satirised in 1599, of one that was being performed in 1602-3, and of one that was published in 1609. The published version alone exists. What is its relation to the others?

The plot, as we have it, revolves about two themes which are never brought into close relation, viz. the love-romance of Troilus and Cressida, and the epic story of the Wrath of Achilles. It is convenient to distinguish them as 'The Romance' and 'The (Greek or Trojan) Camp-scenes,' although some later scenes of the Romance are also laid in the Greek camp. Many critics have held that these two elements represent work of different periods.¹

Certain discrepancies point to an imperfect accommodation of old to new. In the second scene Cressida vents her ironical admiration upon the Trojan warriors as they come from the field; but in the third (i. 3. 362) Æneas regretfully tells Agamemnon how Prince Hector has 'grown rusty' in 'this dull and long-continued truce.'

More important are the unmistakable diversities of style. The verse of the Camp-scenes stands out at once by its sinewy (but not yet rugged) strength, its easy magnificence of manner, its close-knit thought and swift splendour of phrase. The verse of the Romances preserves much of the fluid sweetness of

¹ Mr. Fleay has specified as later work the following scenes: v. 1., 2. (contains much older work), 3. 1-97 (*Life and Work of Shakespeare*, p. 221).
i. 3.; ii. 1.-3.; iii. 3. 34 to end;
iv. 5. (except lines 12-53);

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the early Comedies. Many similarities of motive and phrase also connect the Camp-scenes with the work of the *Hamlet* period. The sense of the foibles of the spoiled child of fortune, which permitted Shakespeare to touch with hesitant and half-involuntary ridicule the figure of Cæsar, discharges itself in unreserved caricature in the sketch of Achilles. When Achilles will not to the field, his will has to be a sufficient reason to the Camp, as Cæsar's to the Senate (ii. 3. 173):

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss.

He doth rely on none.

Ulysses, preparing to set the lancet to his 'swollen blood,' is found by him, as Hamlet by Polonius, 'reading,' and answers his victim's inquiries by an account of what the 'strange fellow' has written (cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 198). Troilus echoes the First Player (*Hamlet*, ii. 2. 495) when he speaks of 'fan and wind' of Hector's sword. He echoes Hamlet when he asks: 'What is aught but as 'tis valued?' All this tends to show that the Camp-scenes, as we have them, may probably be dated between 1602 and 1605; while in the Romance much survives which belonged to the earlier version burlesqued in 1599.

It is difficult, again, to feel that the Troilus of the Romance, who declares himself

weaker than a woman's tear,

Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skillless as unpractised infancy,

is conceived quite in the same vein as the eloquent and heroic Troilus of the council chamber and the battlefield, who defends the retention of Helen as 'a spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds' (ii. 2.), and reproves Hector for showing mercy to the fallen.

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It is significant that the 'noble green-goose' of one distinguished critic can be compared by another¹ to the great soldier-king of England.

The story of Troilus and Cressida was known to Shakespeare, beyond doubt, in Chaucer's noble version. To Chaucer the story was a 'tragedy,' full of the matter of high and pathetic romance. The 'double sorrow' of Troilus is its theme, and the successive epochs, the ascending and descending phases, of his sorrow, regulate its pauses and divisions. Cressida, destined to become a by-word for falseness, is invested by Chaucer with a charm of naive good faith and artless grace which make her seem rather a piteous victim of the mysterious tyranny of love. Even Pandarus discharges his base office with so hearty a belief in it, and diffuses over it such an engaging atmosphere of humanity, good humour and good sense, that he triumphs over the associations of his name.

Yet Chaucer's temperament was too complex for the pure fervour of romance. Even the exuberant eloquence of the poet of *Troilus* hardly conceals the subtle smile, half wistful, half ironic, of Germanic fervour tempered by Gallic wit. But in Shakespeare's version the subtle smile seems to break into derisive laughter. His *Troilus and Cressida* is a story of fatuous passion; Troilus is from the outset visibly deluded, Cressida from the outset a wanton coquette, Pandarus an odious and disreputable 'broker-lackey.' The dainty virtue of Romance, dexterously refashioned but carefully preserved by Chaucer, flutters in shreds and patches, and naked realism freely obtrudes. What the precise bearing of these facts may be upon the history of Shakespeare's mind and art, is one of the most elusive of Shakespearean problems.

¹ Kreyssig, *Vorlesungen über Shakespeare*.

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But, however anomalous and enigmatic among the works of Shakespeare, this familiar travesty of classic story was in perfect keeping with the temper of the time.

The Elizabethan Humanists paid a somewhat ironical homage to the classical world. They delighted to give a new and piquant turn to its venerable forms, and the zest of caricature to its solemn heroics. Alexander, Hector, Pompey were 'Worthies,' staled like the rest of the Nine by the burlesque glories of fairs and shows. The Trojan story itself had been handled a few years earlier than Shakespeare with a familiar realism closely resembling his, by Robert Greene,—in his *Euphues, His Censure to Philautus* (1587). This romance consists of a series of tales told by Greek and Trojan ladies and cavaliers at the social reunions which they have devised to enliven the 'dull truce.' The stories are interspersed with lively debate and repartee, in the esteemed manner of Lyly's supper-parties,—a manner which effectively dispels the enchantment of Homeric names and fames. The speakers are introduced each with his appended label of explanatory antithesis: 'Hector, as choleric as she was scrupulous'; 'Ulysses, desiring to have insight into the manners of men'; 'Andromache, [who] thought a little to be plesant and yet satyricall.' Among the rest appear the lovers of our play: 'Troilus, willing to show that the weapons of Troy were as sharp ground as the swords of the Grecians'; and Cressida, 'tickled a little with half-conceit of her own wit,' even to the point of interrupting Ulysses. Here we have, it would seem, the germ of the flippant and witty Cressida of Shakespeare. Greene's Trojans and Greeks are indeed far less akin to their Homeric prototypes than Shakespeare's, self-conscious classic and 'Master of Arts of both Universities' though he was; and he is still freer than Shakespeare from the

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niceties of chronological pedantry. An incidental allusion to Aristotle escapes the lips of the Shakespearean Hector; but the whole of Greek literature and philosophy is a familiar topic to the Dardans and Argives of Greene. 'Doe wee not know,' asks Polyxena, 'our enemies are Grecians, taught in their schooles amongst their philosophers, that all wisdome is honest that is profitable,' etc. Others quote Theocritus, 'that ancient poet of ours,' Hermes Trismegistus, even Epictetus. The Greenian Troy-scenes cannot for a moment be compared with Shakespeare's in brilliance; but they belong to the same genre; and, however ludicrous may be the position of Greene, with his insipid and faded romances, as a mediator between Chaucer and Shakespeare, he has in literary history some title to that position.¹ It has been seen that Shakespeare was concerned with the story as early as 1599. The finished portrait of Cressida in the extant play may be later, but cannot be much earlier than that date. In power of psychological revelation, in absolute subordination of lyric to dramatic expression, in naturalness of dialogue, her character is the creation of a riper art than either Juliet or Portia.

The germ of the Camp-scenes is also obvious in Greene. He too had presented the prodigies of Greek and Trojan valour in familiar undress, and ironically emphasised their weaker moments. But the dramatic incidents were taken over from the accredited histories of the siege,—from Caxton's *Recuyell of the histories of Troye* and Lydgate's *Troy-boke*—the one translated from Raoul le Fèvre, the other from Guido di Colonna. In 1598 Chapman published the first instalment of his translation of the

¹ Cf. a fuller treatment of *Transactions of the New Shakespeare Society*, 1887-90, pp. 186 f.

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Iliad. Shakespeare undoubtedly 'looked into' it; and the issue of the process was, significantly, not a sonnet, but the character of Thersites. The scenes which have any connexion whatever with the Troilus story are comparatively few and slight; they begin in the third act, with Calchas' appeal for the exchange of Antenor for Cressida. This business is but a passing episode in the great debates and conflicts which turn, like the *Iliad* itself, upon the wrath of Achilles; debates full of magnificent rhetoric, but irrelevant to the plot and tedious to the stage-goer as such. It is natural to suspect that they had some purpose beyond theatrical effect.

An elaborate attempt to demonstrate such a purpose has been made by Mr. Fleay. This part of the play is in his view a prolonged topical allusion to the feud which raged in 1599-1601 between Jonson of the one part and Dekker of the other, with Marston as Dekker's fierce but fluctuating ally. Jonson had in *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599) and then in *Cynthia's Revels* (1600), heaped upon both poets insults not easily forgiven; Dekker in 1601 retorted with the *Satiromastix*, which had the merit of evoking, by anticipation, the greatest topical comedy in the language, Jonson's *Poetaster*. In the following year Jonson and Marston were again on good terms. That Shakespeare mingled in this fray there is no entirely decisive evidence. But the language of Kempe in the *Return from Parnassus* 1602, 'O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill [in the *Poetaster*], but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit,' certainly gives colour to the view that some of his work had a direct bearing on it; and there are beyond question certain scenes and passages in *Troilus and Cressida*

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which gain in point and humour when read in this light. Alexander's elaborate description of Ajax in i. 1. 18-31 applies at least as well to Jonson;¹ 'rank' Thersites 'with his mastic jaws' looks very like a reference to the flagellant Dekker of the *Satiromastix*, whom Jonson himself had called 'one of the most overflowing rank wits of Rome'; and the burlesque upon Homeric heroes would have a certain point as a rejoinder to Jonson's satirical travesty of Augustan poets.

It is equally clear, however, that in their present state, and as a whole, these scenes cannot be regarded either as an attack upon Jonson, or as even a distant reflection of the 'battle of the Theatres.' If the 'dull, brainless' Ajax, whom Ulysses befools and who replies with inarticulate oaths and curses to Thersites' biting gibes, was meant to ridicule the most powerful intellect, next to Shakespeare's own, then engaged in the drama, satire never more egregiously missed its mark, or better deserved to be flung back upon the satirist. Moreover, if Shakespeare intervened on Dekker's side, the portrait of Thersites was a singular mode of defending his ally. That Shakespeare should have condescended, in the year of *Hamlet*, to make his art the vehicle of a serious personal attack, is in any case hardly credible. But the battle of the theatres had its ludicrous aspects, and he may have availed himself of the machinery provided by the *Iliad* to exhibit these from the standpoint of a genial Olympian, whose large humanity apprehended the strength and weakness of the combatants better than

¹ Mr. Fleay aptly compares the description of Ajax here as one 'into whom nature hath crowded humours' with Crites-Jonson's self-estimate in *Cynthia's Revels*, ii. 1, as 'a creature

of a most divine temper, one in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met,' to which he regards it as 'a good-humoured reply.'

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they did themselves. In this sense the bout between Ajax and Thersites may still figure the feud of Jonson and Dekker, but Ajax is Dekker's Jonson, and Thersites is Jonson's Dekker, and half the comedy consists in the grossness of the travesty.

But it is impossible to suppose that work so instinct with Shakespeare's maturest powers as the finest camp-scenes could have had merely a temporary or topical intention. These must have acquired their present form as integral portions of the drama of *Troilus and Cressida*, and have been brought at some point into a more vital relation with the Troilus and Cressida story than they can ever have possessed as mere portions of the plot. The bright bubble of Cressida's love which dazzles and seduces Troilus and finally breaks before his eyes as he watches with Ulysses at Cressida's tent (v. 2.), has its counterpart in other bubbles—some more magnificent, some more sordid—which here flutter before the eyes of heroes, and touch their heroism with fatuity like his. Woman's love throughout the play appears as a fatal spell, emasculating valour, consuming the 'heart' that spurs men forth to battle. Troilus' opening words strike the keynote :—

Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

He recovers his heart and his valour only when Cressida is no longer his. Helen is a more seductive Cressida, and Paris a more effeminate Troilus ; Achilles is 'thwarted' from his great purpose to do battle with Hector by a previous engagement with Polyxena (v. 1.) ; Hector himself, arming for the field, has sternly to silence a foolishly protesting Andromache, whose proper place is in the women's quarters (whither she is peremptorily sent), not by her husband's side

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(v. 3.). Of the love that ennobles and inspires there is nowhere any glimpse. The sense of the disasters that come from women, which underlies *Measure for Measure* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, is as pervading here, though it is exhibited rather in a diffusion of ignoble or grotesque blots and scars than in such abysmal collapse or sublime ruin as those of *Angelo* and *Antony*.

But *Troilus and Cressida* differs from the greatest of the Roman tragedies in so far as the atmosphere of illusion and fatuity embraces the masters of statecraft and war who are exempt from love. The cold Octavius, who gathers Antony's neglected harvest, does not greatly interest Shakespeare, but his cool mastery of all the elements of his colossal task, his perfect adaptation of means to ends, the absolute precision of his workmanship in the building up of empire, receives its meed of recognition from the successful player who had bought 'the best house in Stratford town.' Just these qualities of proportion and solidity are glaringly absent in the camps of the Shakespearean Greeks and Trojans. The heroes of both camps are superb figures, magnificently endowed with valour or with eloquence or with wisdom; but in each there lurks 'the little rift within the lute,' and these imposing impersonations of heroism are touched with an air of solemn futility. Achilles is eloquent, but his divine wrath has sunk into a foppish fume, his cruelty into the cowardly baseness which permits him to fall with all his myrmidons upon the unarmed Hector.

Hector himself is a nobler figure, and yet chivalry is made ridiculous in Hector's challenge to Ajax, in the jealous intrigues it occasions, and in his solemn withdrawal at the last moment out of pious regard for the blood of his 'sacred aunt' flowing in Ajax's veins.

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And militant patriotism is made ridiculous in Hector's abrupt revulsion from the opinion that Helen must be restored, to the opinion that she must be kept :

Hector's opinion

Is this in way of truth ; yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

No such gross flaws mar the clear beauty of Ulysses and Nestor. Ulysses is the mouthpiece of Shakespeare's ripest political wisdom ; his speech is packed with golden, memorable, and well-remembered sayings. He is 'the physician of the iron age,' and not only lays his finger with faultless precision on the ailing place, as in his great harangue in counsel (i. 3.) and his still loftier apologue to Achilles (iii. 3.), but actually applies the cauterising cure, when he leads Troilus to his disillusion at the tent of Cressida. Yet even the wisdom of Ulysses has a background of unreason ; and the jeers of the base and brutal Thersites at the 'war for a placket' do not entirely miss their application to any one concerned in it. The master of civil wisdom and mature statecraft is a leader in the fantastic and legendary politics of the Trojan war ; and his magnificent exposition of the conditions of an ordered polity receives an ironical commentary from the situation, when spoken to the chiefs of a nation upheaved to recover an eloped wife, in the midst of their thousand ships 'launched by a face.'

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PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of
Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel. 10
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples

- vv. 1-31. This occurs only in the Ff. of the six gates as modified by mediaeval tradition. The last five are given in Lydgate's *Troy-boke* in the forms: *Tymbria*, *Helyas*, *Cetheas*, *Trojana*, *Anthonydes*.
2. *orgulous*, haughty.
6. *crownets*, coronets.
8. *immures*, enclosing-walls.
16. *Dardan*, etc., the names

And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperr up the sons of Troy.
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits, 20
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard : and hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
 Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
 Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like or find fault ; do as your pleasures are : 30
 Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.*

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet ; I'll unarm again :
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within ?
 Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended ?

Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to their
 strength,

18. *fulfilling*, close-fitting.

19. *Sperr*, close, barricade.
 Theobald's correction for *F₁*
stirre.

23. *A prologue arm'd*. The
 speaker of this prologue wore
 armour, instead of the usual
 black cloak.

23-25. *not in confidence of*
author's pen, etc., not in defiant
 championship of the merits of the
 play, but because the argument
 is of war.

27. *vaunt*, beginnings (*en*
avant),

7. *to*, in addition to.

Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant;
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, 10
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night
 And skillless as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the leavening. 20

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word 'hereafter' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
 At Priam's royal table do I sit;
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,— 30
 So, traitor! 'When she comes!' When is she
 thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,
 As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

18. *bolting*, sifting.

thence.' Ff. 'So (traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.'

31. Q reads: 'So traitor then she comes when she is' The correction and punctuation are Rowe's.

I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
 Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile :
 But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
 Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness. 40

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker
 than Helen's—well, go to—there were no more
 comparison between the women : but, for my part,
 she is my kinswoman ; I would not, as they term
 it, praise her : but I would somebody had heard
 her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise
 your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus ! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
 When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep 50
 They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad
 In Cressid's love : thou answer'st 'she is fair ;'
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
 Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
 The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman : this thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ; 60
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be
 as she is : if she be fair, 'tis the better for her ; an
 she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

55. *that her hand*, that hand most delicate, sensibility.
 of hers.

57. *seizure*, clasp.

58. *spirit of sense*, the finest,

68. *has the mends in her
 own hands*, must make the best

of it.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-
thought on of her and ill-thought on of you; gone
between and between, but small thanks for my
labour. 70

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,
with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's
not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me,
she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on
Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she
were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me. 80

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no.
She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to
the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I
see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no
more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will
leave all as I found it, and there an end. 90

[*Exit Pandarus. An alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace,
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starved a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. 100

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

99. *tetchy to be, irritable on being.*

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
 Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
 Between our Ilium and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,
 Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not
 afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer
 sorts,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

110

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
 Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'
 But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

104. *Ilium*, Priam's palace, distinction is unknown to antiquity, where Ilium and Troy are synonymous. Shakespeare found it in the *Troy-boke*.
 as distinguished from the town of Troy, where Cressida resides. So in *Ham.* ii. 2. 496. This

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
 Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
 To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
 Is, as a virtue, fixed, to-day was moved :
 He chid Andromache and struck his armorer,
 And, like as there were husbandry in war,
 Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
 And to the field goes he ; where every flower
 Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw 10
 In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger ?

Alex. The noise goes, this : there is among the
 Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
 They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good ; and what of him ?

Alex. They say he is a very man per se,
 And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk,
 sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many
 beasts of their particular additions ; he is as 20
 valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as
 the elephant : a man into whom nature hath so
 crowded humours that his valour is crushed into
 folly, his folly sauced with discretion : there is no
 man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of,
 nor any man an attainment but he carries some stain
 of it : he is melancholy without cause, and merry
 against the hair : he hath the joints of every thing,

7. *husbandry*, thrift ; of which
 to be early stirring was regarded
 as a special sign.

8. *light*, quickly.

12. *noise*, report.

20. *particular additions*, spe-
 cial attributes.

28. *against the hair*, 'à
 contre-poil,' against the grain,
 out of season.

28. *joints*, limbs (playing
 upon the more usual sense :
 'juncture of limbs').

Troilus and Cressida

ACT I

but every thing so out of joint that he is a gouty
Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind 30
Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in
the battle and struck him down, the disdain and
shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting
and waking.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

40

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do
you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do
you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came?
Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to
Ilium? Helen was not up, was she? 50

Cres. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his
anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so: I know the cause too:
he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that:

30. *Briareus*, a hundred- with a hundred eyes, mythically
handed monster who in Greek sa d to survive in the peacock's
mythology aided Zeus against tail.
the Titans.

34. *coped*, encountered.

31. *Argus*, a like monster

44. *cousin*, kinswoman, niece.

and there's Troilus will not come far behind him ;
let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them 60
that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too ?

Pan. Who, Troilus ? Troilus is the better man
of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter ! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector ?
Do you know a man if you see him ?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew
him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus. 70

Cres. Then you say as I say ; for, I am sure,
he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some
degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them ; he is him-
self.

Pan. Himself ! Alas, poor Troilus ! I would
he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India. 80

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself ! no, he's not himself : would a'
were himself ! Well, the gods are above ; time
must friend or end : well, Troilus, well : I would
my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a
better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't ; you shall tell 90
me another tale, when th' other's come to't.
Hector shall not have his wit this year.

80. *Condition*, etc., on condition of his being so, I would have
gone, etc.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT I

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a ¹⁰⁰ brown favour—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if ¹¹⁰ she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,— ¹²⁰ and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

118. *merry Greek*, this character of the Greeks was proverbial in Elizabethan England as at Rome. 'Matthew Merry-

greek' was the chief figure in *Ralph Roister Doister*.

120. *compassed window*, bow-window.

Pan. Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves ¹³⁰ him : she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

Cres. Juno have mercy ! how came it cloven ?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled : I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not ?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then : but to prove to you ¹⁴⁰ that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus ! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin : indeed, she has a marvellous ¹⁵⁰ white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing ! Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

^{139.} *a cloud in autumn*, i.e. one foretelling rain.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under 160
the pot of her eyes : did her eyes run o'er too ?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing ?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen
spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should
have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair
as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer ?

170

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty
hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true ; make no question of that.
'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white :
that white hair is my father, and all the rest are
his sons.' 'Jupiter !' quoth she, 'which of these
hairs is Paris my husband ?' 'The forked one,'
quoth he, 'pluck't out, and give it him.' But
there was such laughing ! and Helen so blushed, 180
and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed,
that it passed.

Cres. So let it now ; for it has been a great
while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yester-
day ; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true ; he will weep you,
an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere 190
a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*]

171. *two and fifty*, Theobald laughed surpassingly, immoder-
altered to *one and fifty*, out of ately.
regard for the traditional num-
ber of Priam's sons.

189. *an 'twere*, as if it were,
181. *sol laughed, that it passed*, just like.

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

200

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS passes.

Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

ANTENOR passes.

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgements in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see 210 me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you,

206. In the *Troy-boke* 'Antenor' is described as a man of grave bearing, whose speech was full of dry jests.

209. *a proper man of person,* a man of fine physique.

212. *give you the nod,* appar-

ently a term in the old game of cards called Noddy. This word also meant *fool*. 'Cressida means to call Pandarus *noddy*, and says he shall by more nods be made more significantly a *fool*.'—Singer.

that ; there's a fellow ! Go thy way, Hector !
There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector !
Look how he looks ! there's a countenance ! is't
not a brave man ?

Cres. O, a brave man !

220

Pan. Is a' not ? it does a man's heart good.
Look you what hacks are on his helmet ! look you
yonder, do you see ? look you there : there's no
jesting ; there's laying on, take't off who will, as
they say : there be hacks !

Cres. Be those with swords ?

Pan. Swords ! any thing, he cares not ; an the
devil come to him, it's all one : by God's lid, it
does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris,
yonder comes Paris.

230

PARIS *passes.*

Look ye yonder, niece ; is't not a gallant man
too, is't not ? Why, this is brave now. Who said
he came hurt home to-day ? he's not hurt : why,
this will do Helen's heart good now, ha ! Would
I could see Troilus now ! You shall see Troilus
anon.

HELENUS *passes.*

Cres. Who's that ?

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus
is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth
to-day. That's Helenus.

240

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle ?

Pan. Helenus ? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent
well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark ! do you
not hear the people cry 'Troilus' ? Helenus is a
priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder ?

TROILUS *passes*.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

250

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

260

Cres. Here come more.

FORCES *pass*.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. 'Well, well!' Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue,

260. *an eye.* So Q. Ff have money.

youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's ²⁸⁰ date's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

290

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS'S Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him. ³⁰⁰

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*]
I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

^{280.} *date*; the date was much used in Elizabethan cookery, hence a frequent quibble.

^{283.} *at what ward you lie*, what posture of defence you assume (metaphor from fencing).

^{293.} *watch you for telling*, watch lest you tell.

^{302.} *doubt he be*, fear he is.

^{304.} *I'll be with you . . . to bring* meant 'I will pay you out, be even with you,' hence Cressida's quibble.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd. *[Exit Pandarus.]*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise :
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see 310
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :
Things won are done ; joy's soul lies in the doing.
That she beloved knows nought that knows not
this :

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach :
Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech :
Then though my heart's content firm love doth
bear, 320
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before
Agamemnon's tent.*

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
MENELAUS, *and others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below

312. *wooing*, i.e. while stil' ceive command, while unwon, entreaties.

319. *Achievement is command*, *Sennet*, set of notes on the trumpet.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT I

Fails in the promised largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us 10
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames? which are indeed nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove 20
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled. 30

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,

9. *Tortive and errant*, twisted
and turned astray.

11. *suppose*, expectation.

13-15. *every action . . . trial*
did draw bias and thwart, all
our schemes and actions have
been distorted and thwarted in
the execution.

14. *draw bias*, turn awry.

24. *artist*, scholar.

25. *affined*, related.

30. *unmingled* (four syl-
lables).

31. *thy godlike*, Theobald's
emendation for Q *the godlike*,
Ff *thy godly*.

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men : the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk !

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
cut,

40

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse : where's then the saucy boat
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune ; for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese
Than by the tiger ; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing
of courage

50

As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss.

Agamemnon,

33. *reproof*, buffeting.
39. *Thetis*, a sea-nymph, put for the sea (perhaps by a confusion with *Tethys*, the wife of Oceanus).
42. *Perseus' horse*, Pegasus, created according to Greek legend from the blood of the Gorgon Medusa slain by him. In the *Destruction of Troy*, Pegasus is described as speeding over the sea like a bird, the

swiftest ship in the world. *The two moist elements* are sea and air.
45. *made a toast*. Toast was commonly soaked in liquor or butter, as the boat in sea water. Cf. v. 113.
48. *breese*, gadfly.
51. *fled*, have fled. Capell read *flee*.
54. *Retorts*, Dyce's emendation for Q and Ff *retyres*.

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation
 The which, [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty for
 thy place and sway, 60
 [*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy
 stretch'd-out life

I give to both your speeches, which were such
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass, and such again
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
 Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
 On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
 To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,
 Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't of
 less expect 70

That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
 And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,

65. *hatch'd in silver*, silver-haired, from the analogy of the fine parallel lines *hatched*, as a ground or ornament in metal engraving. But the phrase also conveys the suggestion that Nestor's *speech* like Agamemnon's is worthy to be engraved and 'held up high' in the *silver* appropriate to his white hairs. The following lines introduce a conflicting image. Eloquence was often symbolised in sculpture by chains connecting the

speaker's tongue with the ears of his audience.

70-74. Agamemnon's speech is omitted in Q.

73. *mastic* (Ff *masticke*), vituperative. The epithet is interesting as possibly containing a reference to the *Histriomastix*. See Introduction. The Greek *μάστιξ* was the ultimate source of a word; but Shakespeare had probably met with the Latin derivative *mastigia*, 'scourge,' in Plautus.

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected :
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions. 80
 When that the general is not like the hive
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets and this
 centre

Observe degree, priority and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office and custom, in all line of order ;
 And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
 In noble eminence enthroned and sphered 90
 Amidst the other ; whose medicinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check to good and bad : but when the
 planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues and what portents ! what mutiny !
 What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !
 Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states 100
 Quite from their fixure ! O, when degree is
 shaken,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,

77. *these instances*, the following reasons.

78. *specialty*, essential quality or condition.

85. *this centre*, the earth (the central body round which the planets and the heavens, on the

Ptolemaic system, revolved). Cf. v. 67.

87. *Insisture*, uniform movement.

91. *medicinable*, healing.

92. *aspects*, influences.

101. *their*, i.e. the states.

ib. *fixure*, fixity.

Then enterprise is sick ! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets 110
 In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
 And make a sop of all this solid globe :
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead :
 Force should be right ; or rather, right and wrong,
 Between whose endless jar justice resides,
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite ; 120
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglect of degree it is
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below, he by the next, 130

105. *dividable*, divided, far apart.

106. *primogenitive*, right of primogeniture.

111. *mere oppugnancy*, absolute antagonism.

112. *Should*, would. So in the following lines.

119. *includes itself in*, terminates in, converts itself into.

128. *by a pace goes backward*, goes back a step, *i.e.* is displayed towards each rank by the rank immediately below, each man slighting his immediate superior in order to aggrandise himself.

That next by him beneath ; so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation :
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
 Ulysses,

140

What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs : with him Patroclus
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests,
 And with ridiculous and awkward action,
 Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on,
 And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage, —
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming

150

132. *pace*, (transferred) the member of a particular rank. you ; he assumes the airs of the captain-general.

138. *discover'd*, explained.

153. *conceit*, imagination.

145. *dainty of his worth*, idly preoccupied, puffed up, with his dignity.

156. *stretch'd*, strained, exaggerated.

156. *scaffoldage*, the wood-work of the stage.

151. *pageants*, exhibits, mimics.

152. *Thy topless deputation*, the supreme power confided to

157. *o'er-wrested*, Pope's conjecture for QF₁ *ore - rested* ; Delius conjectured *oer-jested*.

He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending ; with terms un-
squared,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd, 160
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff

The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
Cries ' Excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon just.

Now, play me Nestor ; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being drest to some oration.'

That's done, as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife :

Yet god Achilles still cries ' Excellent !

'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus, 170
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough and spit,

And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget, (throat-armour)
Shake in and out the rivet : and at this sport

Sir Valour dies ; cries ' O, enough, Patroclus ;
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all

In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

Severals and generals of grace exact, 180

Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,

Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,

Success or loss, what is or is not, serves

As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

159. *unsquared*, random, not fitted to the matter.

160. *Typhon* (also called *Typhæus*), a giant associated with storm and fire, and especially with the eruptions of Etna, under which he was buried.

166. *being drest*, having addressed himself.

167. *as near*, etc., i.e. with no approximation whatever.

174. *gorget*, throat-armour.

178. *spleen*, as the organ of laughter.

180. *Severals and generals*, etc., 'the minutest individual and general excellences.'

182. *Excitements*, calls.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—

Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice—many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him; 190
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
 To match us in comparisons with dirt,
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
 Count wisdom as no member of the war,
 Forestall prescience and esteem no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts, 200
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
 Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine,
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution. 210

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A tucket.*]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

189. *In such a rein*, i.e. so high, like a spirited horse 'bridling up.'

190. *broad*, puffed with pride.

191. *state*, council; state is often a collective term for the governing power of a polity.

195. *weaken and discredit our exposure*, weaken, by discrediting us, our ability to resist the assaults to which we are exposed.

196. *How rank soever*, however immoderately, to whatever degree.

Troilus and Cressida ACT I

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you^{be} fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm 220
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam.

How!

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus :

230

Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth

240

238. *Jove's accord, nothing so* their side, they are of unmatched
full of heart, having Jove on valour.

If that the praised himself bring the praise forth :
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure,
 transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
 Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes
 from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
 him :

250

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind ;
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
 That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
 He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;
 And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
 What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—
 Who in this dull and long-continued truce
 Is rusty grown : he bade me take a trumpet,
 And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !
 If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
 That holds his honour higher than his ease,
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
 That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
 That loves his mistress more than in confession,

260

243. *repining*, i.e. mortified by defeat.

With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth
 In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
 Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
 If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
 If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

270

280

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord
Æneas ;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home : but we are soldiers ;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

290

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd : he is old now ;
 But if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
 To answer for his love, tell him from me
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver
 And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
 And meeting him will tell him that my lady
 Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste
 As may be in the world : his youth in flood,
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

300

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

288. *means not, hath not,* 297. *vantbrace,* armour for
 means not to be, hath not been. the arm, arm-plate.

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand ;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.

Achilles shall have word of this intent ;

So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :

Yourself shall feast with us before you go

And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*

Ulyss. Nestor !

310

Nest. What says Ulysses ?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain ;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't ?

Ulyss. This 'tis :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : the seeded pride

That hath to this maturity blown up

In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,

Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,

To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how ?

320

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,

Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up :

And, in the publication, make no strain,

313. *Be you my time*, i.e. play the part of time in bringing it to mature form.

325. *Whose grossness*, etc., i.e. just as the bulk of a large mass can be expressed in a few little figures, so the meaning of the large undefined challenge is ex-

pressed by the single implicit challenge to Achilles.

326. *in the publication*, when the challenge is publicly proclaimed.

326. *make no strain*, do not question.

But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgement,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

330

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think
you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you
else oppose,

That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st reputation
With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised

In this wild action; for the success,

340

Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general; *community*
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass

Of things to come at large. It is supposed
He that meets Hector, issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd

350

Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,

332. *wake him*, bestir himself.

336. *opinion*, renown.

337. *dear'st*, highest, most
precious.

338. *finest* (monosyllabic, i.e.
fine'st).

339. Our reputation will weigh
unevenly in the fight, *i.e.* will
not be unaffected by the triumph
or failure of our champion.

340. *wild*, irregular, extra-
ordinary.

340. *success*, issue.

341. *particular*, individual.

ib. *scantling*, small measure.

342. *general*, the whole com-
munity.

343. *pricks*, points.

349. *her election*, the object
of choice.

What heart receives from hence the conquering
part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech :
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not, 360
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes : what
are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in Afric sun 370
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : if he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector : among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man ;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall

354. *Which entertain'd*, the strong self-confidence once begotten.

356. *Directive*, directed.

361. *yet to show*, yet to be shown. Q reads here :

The lustre of the better shall exceed
By showing the worse first.

377. *Give him allowance for*, declare him to be.

379. *broils in*, is wrought into a fever of conceit by.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT II

His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
 Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

380

Nest. Ulysses,
 Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

390

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *A part of the Grecian camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full,
 all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those boils did run? say so: did
 not the general run then? were not that a botchy
 core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then would come some matter from
 him; I see none now.

10

2. *boils*, Q. Ff *biles*, the in- confusion with the verb.
 variable form in Shakespeare. 7. *core*, ulcer.
 The modern form is due to

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? [*Beating him*] Feel, then.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewedst leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks! 20

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another. 30

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. 40

13. *plague of Greece*, perhaps the plague sent by Apollo on the Greek forces (Johnson). This was known to Shakespeare from *Il. 1*.

14. *beef-witted*, gross, dull. Sir Andrew Aguecheek attri-

buted the decline of his wit to excessive eating of beef.

15. *vinewedst*, mouldiest. Johnson and Knight's emendation for *Q unsalted*, *Ff whinid' st*.

27. *porpentine*, porcupine.

Ajax. Cobloaf! *pun*

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You whoreson cur!

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an *asinico* may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou! 50

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do. 55

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus? How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man? 60

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. 'Well!' why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax. 70

41. *Cobloaf*, a crusty uneven loaf with a round head.

42. *pun*, pound.

49. *asinico*, dolt, 'donkey.'

The modern word is the quasi-Spanish *assinego*, which many modern editors substitute.

58. *Mars his*, Mars's.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I 80 say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

[*Ajax offers to beat him.*]

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but 90 the fool will not: he there: that he: look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me. 100

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas

77. *pia mater*, brain (properly the membrane enclosing it).

not voluntary : no man is beaten voluntary : Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so ; a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either 110 of your brains : a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites ?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what ?

Ther. Yes, good sooth : to, Achilles ! to, Ajax ! to ! 120

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites ; peace !

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I ?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents : I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction 130 of fools. [Exit.]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host :

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach ; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what : 'tis trash. Farewell.

126. *brach*, female hound, Q. FI *brooch*.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not: 'tis put to lottery; otherwise

140

He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Troy. A room in Priam's palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed

In hot digestion of this cormorant war—
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I

As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,

10

There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,

14. *surety*, false confidence. wound.

16. *tent*, surgical probe, the 19. *tithe*, tenth.
roll of lint inserted into a deep 1b. *dimes*, tenths.

Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean, of ours : 20
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten,
 What merit 's in that reason which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother !

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
 So great as our dread father in a scale
 Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
 The past proportion of his infinite ?
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless 30
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons ? fie, for godly shame !

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at
 reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none that tells him so ?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
 priest ;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
 reasons :

You know an enemy intends you harm ;
 You know a sword employ'd is perilous, 40
 And reason flies the object of all harm :
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star disorb'd ? Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates and sleep : manhood and
 honour

29. *The past proportion*, the its sphere, 'i.e. from the revolving orbit in which, according to the

46. *disorb'd*, 'shooting from Ptolemaic system, it was fixed.

Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject. 50

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will ;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer : 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god ;
And the will dotes that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit. 60

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement : how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this and to stand firm by honour :
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder
viands 70

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet

49. *respect*, consideration.

58. *is attributive*, attributes merit. Ff read *inclinable*, which is easier and less Shakespearean.

59. *itself*, i.e. the will.

64. *traded*, professional.

71. *unrespective sieve*, voider

or receptacle for things unregarded or of no account. The word *sieve* (almost a contradiction in terms of *unrespective*) is found only in Q ; F₁ has *same*, F₂ *place*. The alleged dialectical use is very doubtful. The most plausible modern conjecture is Delius' *sink*.

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails ;
 The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce
 And did him service : he touch'd the ports desired,
 And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
 freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
 Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt : 80
 Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went—
 As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'—
 If you'll confess he brought home noble prize—
 As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
 hands,

And cried 'Inestimable !'—why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that fortune never did, 90
 Beggar the estimation which you prized
 Richer than sea and land ? O, theft most base,
 That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep !
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place !

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans, cry !

Pri. What noise ? what shriek is this ?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans !

Hect. It is Cassandra.

100

77. *an old aunt*, Priam's sister Hesione, married to Ajax's father Telamon.

79. *stale*. So Ff. The Q has the less Shakespearean *pale*.

82. A reminiscence of the famous line in Marlowe's *Faustus*, 'Is this the face that launched a thousand ships.'

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry ! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace !

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand ;

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.

110

Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen and a woe :

Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood

So madly hot that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same ?

Tro.

Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it,

120

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad : her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel

Which hath our several honours all engaged

104. *eld.* This reading is an inference from the Q and Ff, which have respectively *elders* and *old*.

107. *moiety*, portion.

110. *Our firebrand brother.*

Hecuba, before Paris' birth, dreamt that she would be delivered of a burning brand.

116. *discourse of reason*, exercise of reason (in argument).

123. *distaste*, spoil.

To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons :
 And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain !

Par. Else might the world convince of levity 130
 As well my undertakings as your counsels :
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms ?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet, I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties
 And had as ample power as I have will, 140
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
 So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wiped off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen, 150
 Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up
 On terms of base compulsion ! Can it be
 That so degenerate a strain as this
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?

125. *To make it gracious*, to
 put a good complexion on it.

128. *weakest spleen*, tamest
 spirit.

130. *convince*, convict.

136. *propugnation*, power of
 resistance.

148. *rape*, seizure.

150. *treason*, treachery,

There's not the meanest spirit on our party
 Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
 When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
 Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed
 Where Helen is the subject; then, I say, 160
 Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said
 well,

And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glozed, but superficially: not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
 The reasons you allege do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood 170
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves
 All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
 What nearer debt in all humanity
 Than wife is to the husband? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation 180

165. *glozed*, made sounding speeches.

166. *Aristotle thought*. Rowe, against all the principles of textual criticism, substituted *graver sages think*, to avoid the anachronism. Aristotle's prohibition related not to moral philosophy but to politics: διὰ τῆς πολιτικῆς οὐκ ἔστιν οἰκείος ἀκροατῆς ὁ νέος, *Nic. Eth.* i. 3. 5; but Bacon in the *Advance-*

ment of Learning, book ii. (pub. 1605), makes the same erroneous statement: 'Is not the opinion of Aristotle worthy to be regarded, wherein he saith, that young men are no fit auditors of moral philosophy?'

172. *more deaf than adders*. The deafness of the adder was proverbial in popular natural history.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT II

To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd : thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth ; yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design :

Were it not glory that we more affected
'Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canónize us ;
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits : 210
I was advértised their great general slept,

196. *the performance of our heaving spleens*, the indulgence of our anger. The quality of
heaving is attributed to the spleen on the analogy of the heart.
208. *roisting*, blustering.

Whilst emulation in the army crept :

This, I presume, will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before
Achilles' tent.*

Enter THERSITES, *solus.*

Ther. How now, Thersites ! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury ! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus ? he beats me, and I rail at him : O, worthy satisfaction ! would it were otherwise ; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer ! If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O 10
thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have ! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp ! or rather, the bone-ache ! 20
for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my

13. *serpentine craft.* Mercury's staff or *caduceus* was in later mythology represented as intertwined with serpents.

15. *short-armed*, i.e. having a short reach. The slightly grotesque epithet is in keeping

with Thersites, and therefore not to be replaced by the otherwise plausible emendation *short-aimed*.

22. *a placket*, a woman (properly a portion of a woman's dress).

prayers and devil Envy say Amen. What ho!
my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, 30
folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay: the heavens hear me!

40

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

50

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

28. *slipped.* There is a play on *slip*, the slang term for a counterfeit coin.

33. *thy blood*, thy passions.

36. *lazars*, lepers.

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

60

Achil. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive.

70

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites.

[Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all!

[Exit.

55. *decline*, run through from first to last.

66. *Derive*, deduce.

70. *positive*, absolutely, under all conditions, not in respect of particular actions.

72. *of the prover*. So Q. Ff read 'to the Creator.'

77. *patchery*, botching.

81. *serpigo*, a dry skin eruption. The sentence 'Now . . . confound all' is omitted in Q.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.* 90

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart:
you may call it melancholy, if you will favour
the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why,
why? let him show us the cause. A word, my
lord. [*Takes Agamemnon aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from
him. 100

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have
lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that
has his argument, Achilles. *discourse*

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more

86. *shent*, abused. Theobald's emendation for *Q sate*,
Ff sent. 104. *argument*, subject of
discourse.

87. *appertainments*, prerogatives. 107. *fraction*, breach, dis-
union.

our wish than their faction : but it was a strong
composure a fool could disunite. *109*

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly *110*
may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none
for courtesy : his legs are legs for necessity, not
for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him ; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake, *120*
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus :
We are too well acquainted with these answers :
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him ; yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld, *125*
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, *130*
We come to speak with him ; and you shall not
sin,

If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest, in self-assumption greater

109. composure, bond. So Q.
F₁ has the less Shakespearean
counsel.

113. The elephant hath joints,
but none for courtesy. It was
currently believed that the ele-
phant could not kneel.

118. state, retinue of chiefs.

125. attribute, natural en-
dowment.

127. Not virtuously on his own
part beheld, not regarded as be-
comes a virtuous man, i.e.
modestly.

Than in the note of judgement ; and worthier than
himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action 140
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report :
' Bring action hither, this cannot go to war :
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.' Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied ;
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you. 150

[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think he
thinks himself a better man than I am ?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say
he is ?

Agam. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong,
as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more
gentle, and altogether more tractable. 160

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ? How
doth pride grow ? I know not what pride is.

134. *Than in the note of judgement,* 'than true judges know
him to be.' with the dictates of his arrogance.

139. *lunes, moods.* For
137. *underwrite in an observ-* *pettish lunes,* F₁ has 'pettish
ing kind, obsequently comply lines,' the Q 'course and time'

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange?

170

[*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not upon our fair request
Untent his person and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's
sake only,

He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness, 180
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
'That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself: what should I say?

170. *engendering*, spawn.

174. *dispose*, disposal, determination.

176. *in self-admission*, at his own choice.

182. *self-breath*, his own words.

185. *Kingdom'd*, like a king-

dom, *i.e.* divided against himself like a country in civil war. The image here compressed into an epithet is given in full in *Jul. Cæs.* ii. 1. 68:—

The state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry 'No recovery.'

Agam.

Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

190

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so !

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles : shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminates himself, shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he ?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord

Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired ;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles :

That were to enlard his fat already pride

And add more coals to Cancer when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

Nest. [*Aside to Dio.*] O, this is well ; he rubs
the vein of him.

210

Dio. [*Aside to Nest.*] And how his silence
drinks up this applause !

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

187. *death-tokens*, 'the spots
which indicate the approaching
death of plague-stricken per-
sons.'

190. *holds you well*, regards
you highly.

195. *seam*, grease, lard.

201. *palm*, the victor's em-
blem.

202. *assubjugate*, lower, de-
base.

207. *Hyperion*, the sun-god.

213. *pash*, give a crushing
blow.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze
his pride :

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow !

Nest. How he describes himself !

Ajax. Can he not be sociable ?

220

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician that should
be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat
swords first : shall pride carry it ?

Nest. An 'twould, you 'ld carry half.

Ulyss. A' would have ten shares.

230

Ajax. I will knead him ; I'll make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet through warm : force him
with praises : pour in, pour in ; his ambition is
dry.

Ulyss. [*To Agam.*] My lord, you feed too
much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face ;
I will be silent.

240

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus
with us !

215. *pheeze*, belabour, pay off.

232. *force*, stuff.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT II

Would he were a Trojan !

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected ! 250

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of
sweet composure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice famed, beyond all erudition :

But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half : and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines 260

Thy spacious and dilated parts : here's Nestor ;

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise :

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here ; the hart
Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general 270

To call together all his state of war ;

Fresh kings are come to Troy : to-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast :

250. *self-affected*, self-loving.

258. *addition*, title. Milo,

a Greek athlete, was credited

251. *composure*, composition.

with this feat.

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Troy. Priam's palace.*

Enter a Servant and PANDARUS.

Pan. Friend, you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially. 10

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend: honour and lord-

277. Agamemnon's words are immediately followed in the Folio by the stage-direction, 'Music sounds within,' *i.e.* the music of the following scene; showing that no pause was observed between the acts.

12. *better* (quibbling), to be a better man.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT III

ship are my titles. [*Music within.*] What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir : it is music in parts.

20

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another : I am too courtly and thou art too cunning. At 30
whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't indeed, sir : marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person ; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen : could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak 40
with Paris from the Prince Troilus : I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sodden business ! there's a stewed phrase indeed !

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company ! fair desires, in all fair measure,

44. *sodden* ; alluding to the Hence the equivoque in
cure of the French disease. 'stewed.'

fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen!
fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words. 50

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.
Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my
life, you shall make it whole again; you shall
piece it out with a piece of your performance.
Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very
rude. 60

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in
fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.
My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll
hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant
with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear
lord and most esteemed friend, your brother
Troilus,— 70

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet
lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends
himself most affectionately to you,—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody:
if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

52. *broken music*, music in parts (cf. v. 20), arranged for different instruments. The phrase (on which Shakespeare several times plays) is best illustrated by Bacon's remark, *Sylva*, § 278: 'In that music, which we call broken music or

consort music, some consorts of instruments are sweeter than others.'

61. *in fits*, out of sudden caprice. But Paris also quibbles on the musical sense of *fit*, the 'division of a song.'

75. *bob*, trick.

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen ! that 's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

80

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn ; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words ; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen ?

Par. What exploit 's in hand ? where sups he to-night ?

90

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen ? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter ; you are wide : come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say 100 Cressida ? no, your poor disposer 's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy ! what do you spy ? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He ! no, she'll none of him ; they two 110 are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this;
I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet
lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will
undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! 120

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but
love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [Sings.]

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore. 130

These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the
nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that 140
breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot
thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and
hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood,
hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are
vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet
lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor,

132. *the wound to kill*, a mortal wound.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT III

and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. 150
How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.* 160

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
Paris;

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, 170
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Pandarus' orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS' Boy, meeting.

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

170. *palm.* See note to ii. 3. 201.

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 10
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet 20
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,
Swounding destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps 20
The enemy flying. 30

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so

10. *strange*, newly arrived.

24. *Swounding*, swooning.

23. *repured*, refined, distilled.

So Q. Ff read *reputed*.

29. *battle*, army.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT III

blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. *[Exit.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

40

Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

34. *frayed*, frightened.

39. *bestowing*, use.

40. *vassalage*, assembled vassals.

48. *fills*, shafts.

52. *rub on, and kiss the mistress*. 'Mistress' and 'rub' were terms in the game of bowls; meaning, respectively, the 'small ball, now called the jack, at which the players aim,' and to

incline inwards towards this ball.

53. *in fee-farm*, as a possession in perpetuity; an enduring kiss. Troilus is to take possession of a freehold whose 'sweet air' invites occupation.

55. *The falcon as the tercel*, the female hawk is as good as the male for the chase. It was held to be better.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing 60 again? Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg 70 espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all 80 Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execu-

60. *billing*, a play on the legal sense of 'bill,' as in 'deeds' above. Hence Pandarus' quotation of the final declaration of the parties to a contract.

70. *abruption*, breaking off.

ib. *curious*, care-causing, grievous.

86. *undergo*, undertake.

tion confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

90

Cres. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: 100 we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you. 110

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown. 120

102. *addition, title.*

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings
me heart.

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to
win?

Cres. Hard to seem won : but I was won, my
lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me—

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now ; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it : in faith, I lie ;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown 130

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools !

Why have I blabb'd ? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?

But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not :

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws 140

My very soul of counsel ! stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues
thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me ;

'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss :

I am ashamed. O heavens ! what have I done ?

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid !

Pan. Leave ! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning,— 150

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady ?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try :

I have a kind of self resides with you ;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone :
Where is my wit ? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love ;

160

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts : but you are wise,
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—

As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays !

170

Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas !
I am as true as truth's simplicity
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right !

156. *itself*, i.e. Cressida.

168. *plight*, good condition.

161. *roundly*, plainly, without circumstance.

173. *affronted*, met, responded to.

174. *such a*, i.e. a similar.

True swains in love shall in the world to come 180
 Approve their truths by Troilus: when their
 rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
 Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be! 190

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said 'as
 false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf, 200
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,
 'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of false-
 hood,
 'As false as Cressid.'

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal
 it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand,
 here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to

184. *plantage*, vegetation use the meanings of *loadstone*
 (which was thought to be affected and *diamond*, the two sub-
 by the changes of the moon). stances being popularly iden-
 tified.

186. *adamant*, magnet (Fr. *aimant*). The word combines
 in mediæval and Elizabethan 195. *characterless*, without
 trace or record.

another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

220

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done
you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,

216. *because it shall not, lest it should.*

4. 'Through my peculiar insight into what is desirable.' But this meaning is somewhat forced. No satisfactory emendation has been proposed. F₄ substitutes the commonplace

'things to come.' Johnson proposed 'Jove' for *love*, reading: 'through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandon'd Troy,' which implies that Jove favoured the Greeks. Collier's 'things above' is easy but un-Shakespearean.

From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes ; sequestering from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom and condition
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature, 30
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan?
 make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,

Yesterday took : Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore— 20
 Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still denied : but this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage ; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him : let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him, 30

And bring us Cressid hither : Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
 Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

21. *in right great exchange*,
 i.e. offering a Trojan prisoner
 of great distinction in exchange
 for her.

23. *wrest*, tuning-key.

25. *manage*, control.

30. *most accepted pain*, trouble
 willingly undergone.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their tent.

Ulysses. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his
tent :

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him : 40
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him :
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink :
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on 50
A form of strangeness as we pass along :
So do each lord, and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak
with me ?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles ? would he aught
with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

60

43. *unplausible*, neglectful.

44. *medicinable*, pronounced med'cinable.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus!

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they
not Achilles?

70

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly as they used to creep

To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: what the declined is

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others

As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,

And not a man, for being simply man,

80

Hath any honour, but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another and together

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find

out

90

89. *At ample point*, in full measure, completely.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT III

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses :
I'll interrupt his reading.
How now, Ulysses !

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son !

Achil. What are you reading ?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me : ' That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.'

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes ; nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself ; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form ;
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at
all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,—
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift ;
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others ;

96. *dearly parted*, amply endowed.

109. *speculation*, vision.

110. *mirror'd* ; so Singer MS. and Collier MS. for Q Ff *married*.

114. *circumstance*, detailed explanation.

116. However substantial his powers and possessions may be. *In and of him* corresponds to the distinction drawn in v. 97.

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they're extended ; who, like an arch, rever-
berates

120

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in
this ;

And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse,
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are

Most abject in regard and dear in use !
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow— 130
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men
do,

While some men leave to do !
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast 140
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it ; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
Good word nor look : what, are my deeds forgot ?

120. *who*, i.e. the applause.

125. *unknown*, i.e. 'not communicating his parts to others.'

128. *regard*, estimation.

135. *play the idiots in her*

eyes, bask foolishly in her favour.

137. *fasting*, i.e. haughtily resting on his laurels. F₁ substitutes *feasting*, which is only superficially plausible.

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingritudes :
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done : perséverance, dear my lord, 150
Keeps honour bright : to have done is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons

That one by one pursue : if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost ; 160

Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours ;

For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was ; 170

145. *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back*, etc. The ballad of *Poor Robin's Dream* in the Bagford collection has a woodcut of Time with scythe and hour-glass and a wallet at his back, which a friend is emptying.
153. *monumental*, memorial.
155. *one but*, only one.
158. *forthright*, straight path.
161-163. *Or . . . trampled on*. This comparison is found only in Ff.

For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
 That all with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 And give to dust that is a little gilt
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object : 130
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
 And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-
 selves
 And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy 190

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical :
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha ! known !

Ulyss. Is that a wonder ?

The providence that's in a watchful state
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,

175. *One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.* All men are related in the possession of one inborn trait, viz. the readiness to be caught by the illusion of novelty.

189. *emulous*, envious.

197. *Plutus*'. F₁ reads *Plutoes*, which Shakespeare possibly wrote. In *Jul. Cæs.* iv. 3. 102 the same error occurs.

Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
 Keeps place with thought and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. 200
 There is a mystery—with whom relation
 Durst never meddle—in the soul of state ;
 Which hath an operation more divine
 Than breath or pen can give expressure to :
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy
 As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord ;
 And better would it fit Achilles much
 To throw down Hector than Polyxena :
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump, 210
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
 'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
 Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you :
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this ;
 They think my little stomach to the war 220
 And your great love to me restrains you thus :
 Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

198. *uncomprehensive*, beyond the reach of thought. Shelley would have said 'unimaginable.'

200. *cradles*, probably tri-

syllabic : crad-l-es.

201. *relation*, report.

218. *an effeminate man in time of action*, i.e. a man effeminate in time, etc.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake ;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then, beware ;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves :

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ; 230
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus :
I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,
To talk with him and to behold his visage, 240
Even to my full of view.

Enter THERSITES.

A labour saved !

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
for himself.

Achil. How so ?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroic
cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be ? 250

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a pea-
cock,—a stride and a stand : ruminates like an
hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to
set down her reckoning : bites his lip with a politic

231. *Seals a commission to a blank of danger*, gives danger
a blank charter, warranted with
his seal, i.e. exposes himself to

254. *politic regard*, knowing
look.

regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out;' and so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He ²⁶⁰ knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for ²⁷⁰ beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this. 280

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart. 300

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature. 310

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]

306. *catlings*, catgut.

310. *capable*, intelligent.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Troy. A street.*

Enter, from one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; from the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—

Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir, 10

During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health!
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly

With his face backward. In humane gentleness, 20
 Welcome to Troy ! now, by Anchises' life,
 Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,
 No man alive can love in such a sort
 The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise : Jove, let Æneas live,
 If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
 A thousand complete courses of the sun !
 But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
 With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow !

Æne. We know each other well. 30

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
 The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
 What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I
 know not.

Par. His purpose meets you : 'twas to bring
 this Greek

To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
 For the enfrèd Antenor, the fair Cressid :
 Let's have your company, or, if you please,
 Haste there before us : I constantly do think— 40
 Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—
 My brother Troilus lodges there to-night :
 Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
 With the whole quality wherefore : I fear
 We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you :
 Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
 Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help ;
 The bitter disposition of the time
 Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

33. *hateful*, full of hate.

40. *constantly do think*, am firmly persuaded.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT IV

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit with Servant.* 50

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike :

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge,
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends : 60

He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors :
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more ;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country : hear me,
Paris :

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple 70
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

59. *palating*, perceiving.

62. *piece*, creature.

SCENE II. *The same. Court of Pandarus' house.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,

And give as soft attachment to thy senses

As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, 10
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays

As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry:

You men will never tarry.

O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's
one up.

5. *attachment*, arrest, seizure.

9. *ribald*, noisy, obstreperous.

10. *joys*. So Q. Ff *eyes*.

12. *venomous wights*, those possessed with bitter and malignant passion (as distinguished from love).

Pan. [*Within*] What, 's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

20

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be
mocking:

I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maiden-heads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll
ne'er be good,

30

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cres. Did not I tell you? Would he were
knock'd i' the head! [*Knocking within.*

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no
such thing. [*Knocking within.*

40

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will

33. *capocchia*, fool; a feminine form of Ital. *capocchio*, dolt, simpleton, fool. In both Q and Ff it is mutilated to *chipochia*.

you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

50

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:

It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

60

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam and the general state of
Troy:

69. *state, council, assembled chiefs.*

They are at hand and ready to effect it.

70

Tro. How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of
nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost?
The devil take Antenor! the young prince will
go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they
had broke's neck!

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! what's the matter? who 80
was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's
my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's
the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth
as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst
ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his 90
death. O, poor gentleman! A plague upon
Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my
knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must
be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou
must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus:
'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot
bear it.

74. *secrets* (trisyllabic: sec-r-ets). The Q here introduces a burlesque touch: 'the secrets of neighbor Pandar.'

Cres. O you immortal gods ! I will not go. 100

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle : I have forgot my father ;

I know no touch of consanguinity ;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me

As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine !

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus ! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can ;

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,— 110

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Street before Pandarus' house.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS,
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd

110, 111. *Is as the very centre of the earth, drawing all things to it.* This belief was current long before Newton. Cf. Batman upon Bartholomew : 'Tho' the whole Earth be sound and sad in substance thereof, yet every

part thereof moveth kindly [naturally] towards the middle point.'—*Trans. New Sh. Soc.* 1877-79.

1. *great morning, broad day, grand jour.*

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house ;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently :
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love ; 10
And would, as I shall pity, I could help !
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Pandarus' house.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation ?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it : how can I moderate it ?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief :
My love admits no qualifying dross ;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss. 10

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.

Enter TROILUS.

Ah, sweet ducks !

Cres. O Troilus ! Troilus ! [*Embracing him.*

4. *violenteth*, rages (with the less in a sense as strong 25
same intensity as the love that that | which,' etc.
causes it). Ff have : 'And no

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is,

'——O heart, heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?'

where he answers again,

'Because thou canst not ease thy smart

20

By friendship nor by speaking.'

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,

That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

30

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

40

26. *strain'd a purity*; cf. the
'repared' in iii. 2. 23.

38. *rejoindure*, meeting again.

39. *embrasures*, embraces.

Injurious time now with a robber's haste
 Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how :
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to
 them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

50

Æne. [*Within*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the
 Genius so

Cries 'come' to him that instantly must die.

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this
 wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[*Exit.*

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry
 Greeks!

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of
 heart,—

60

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem
 is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
 For it is parting from us:
 I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,
 For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

47. *consign'd kisses to them*,
 i.e. kisses consigned to them.

52. *some say the Genius so*,
 etc. Thus the Ff. The Q is
 here inferior, but perhaps repre-
 sents an earlier Shakespearean
 version: 'some say the Genius
 | cries so to him,' etc. The

'Genius' is the attendant spirit
 or *dæmon* of a man, a concep-
 tion which emerges in Shake-
 speare's work of all periods. Cf.
 'One of these men is Genius to
 the other,' *Com. of Err.* v. 332.

59. *see*, see each other.

61. *deem*, supposition.

That there's no maculation in thy heart:
 But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in
 My sequent protestation; be thou true,
 And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to
 dangers

79

As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
 this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I
 see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
 To give thee nightly visitation.
 But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens! 'be true' again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
 The Grecian youths are full of quality;
 They're loving, well composed with gifts of
 nature,
 Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise: 80
 How novelty may move, and parts with person,
 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—
 Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
 Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then!
 In this I do not call your faith in question
 So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
 Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,

67. *to fashion in my sequent protestation.* 'Be thou true' is not an injunction, but merely the introductory clause in which his subsequent declaration 'I will see thee' is *wrapped*.

79. Q omits this verse; F₁ gives: 'Their loving well compos'd, with guift of nature.' The

reading in the text is Staunton's.

80. The Camb. edd. suppose *Flowing* to have been a marginal correction for *swelling*, which the printer of F₁ by mistake added to the line.

88. *lavolt*, a dance involving high springs.

Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant :

90

But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will ?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss ; and let us part. 100

Par. [*Within*] Brother Troilus !

Tro. Good brother, come you hither ;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true ?

Tro. Who, I ? alas, it is my vice, my fault :
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity ;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth : the moral of my wit
Is ' plain and true ; ' there ' s all the reach of it. 110

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed ! here is the lady

90. *pregnant*, ready, apt.
99. *changeful potency*. Singer
confidently altered the adjective
to *unchangeful*. It may be well,
therefore, to note that it ex-
presses, like *frailty*, not the
quality on which we ' presume,'

but that which makes our pre-
sumption treacherous : ' their
potency, changeful as it is.' It
well illustrates the swift cross-
and counter - movements of
Shakespeare's mature thought.

Which for Antenor we deliver you :

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand ;

And by the way possess thee what she is.

Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Ilium.

Dio.

Fair Lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince
expects :

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, 120

Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me cour-
teously,

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee

In praising her : I tell thee, lord of Greece,

She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises

As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

I charge thee use her well, even for my charge ;

For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,

Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard, 130

I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus :

Let me be privileged by my place and message,

To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,

I'll answer to my lust : and know you, lord,

I'll nothing do on charge : to her own worth

She shall be prized ; but that you say ' be't so,'

I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, ' no.'

Tro. Come, to the port. I'll tell thee, Diomed,

This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.

Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk, 140

113. *port*, gate of Troy.

134. *to my lust*, at my pleasure.

114. *possess*, inform.

135. *on charge*, at command.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT IV

To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*

[*Trumpet within.*

Par. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning !
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault : come, come, to field
with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.* 150

SCENE V. *The Grecian camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter AJAX, armed ; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek

146-150. *Let us make ready*
... *chivalry.* These lines are
not in Q.

1. *appointment*, equipment.
2. *starting*, forward-darting.

6. *trumpet*, trumpeter.
8. *bias*, protuberant. Strictly,
the word implies that the cheek
was not merely 'sphered,' but
swollen beyond the sphere, like

Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood ;

10

Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas'
daughter ?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, *with* CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid ?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular ; 20
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
fair lady :

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now ;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

the weighted side of a loaded
or 'biassed' bowl. But it is
here transferred from the extra-
spherical bowl to the cheek, the
natural contour of which was
already 'biassed' when it be-
came sphered.

9. *Aquilon*, the North wind.

14. *ken*, recognise in the dis-
tance.

20. *particular*, individual.

26, 27. *argument*, reason.
Patroclus plays upon the word
in the sense of *subject*, *object*, i.e.
Helen as the recipient of his
kisses.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT IV

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
scorns!

30

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this,
mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your
leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
for one.

40

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give
none.

Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis
true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against
his horn.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why then for Venus' sake, give me
a kiss,

33. Patroclus first kisses her
in Menelaus' name, then in his
own.

wager my life.
42. every man is odd, i.e.
single, one.

37. make my match to live,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

50

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your father.
[*Exit with Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down

60

For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and
other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! what
shall be done

To him that victory commands? or do you pur-
pose

A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity

57. *motive*, instrument of motion, limb.

58. *encounterers*, bold, forward women.

59. *accosting*, Monk Mason's emendation of Q F₁ a *coasting*, which Schmidt explains 'as the first step taken to meet the hesitating approach of a wooer.' But there is no example of the

use of *coasting* for the wooer's approach; whereas *accost*, as we know from *Twelfth Night*, meant 'front her, board her, woo her, assail her.'

60. *tables*, inscribed tablets.

61. *ticklish*, prurient, wanton.

65. *state*, assembled commanders.

Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

70

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely
done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know
this:

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

80

Achil. A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive
you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle
knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin

90

83. Cf. v. 120.

90. *Consent*, agree.

87. *maiden*, i.e. bloodless.

92. *a breath*, a mere exercise.
Cf. ii. 3. 121.

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*]

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,

Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon
calm'd;

His heart and hand both open and both free; 100
For what he has he gives, what thinks he
shows;

Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty
Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath;

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes

To tender objects, but he in heat of action

Is more vindicative than jealous love:

They call him Troilus, and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth 110

Even to his inches, and with private soul

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

Agam. They are in action.

103. *impare*, imperfect, immature, 'unproportioned.' So Q. Ff have *impaired*. The word appears to be Shakespeare's coinage. It is probably suggested by Lat. *impar*, not by the verb *impaired*; but the emendator of the Folio text, after his wont, assimilated it to the familiar word. The best commentary is Polonius' charge

to Laertes: 'Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.'

105. *subscribes to*, yields to the influence of.

111. *with private soul*, confidentially. The word *soul* intimates that the 'confidence' expressed Æneas' inmost conviction.

112. *translate*, interpret.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st ;

Awake thee !

Agam. His blows are well disposed : there,
Ajax !

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Ene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet ; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I no more :

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son, 120

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so

That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's ;' by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish
member 130

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud : but the just gods gainsay

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus :

Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :

Thou art too gentle and too free a man :

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence 140

A great addition earned in thy death.

134. *sacred*, royal. The word was a standing epithet of royalty.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st
Oyes

Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the
sides,

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it ;

The issue is embracement : Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success—

As seld I have the chance—I would desire

150

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part ;

Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin ;

I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
name ;

160

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes

Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy ;

But that's no welcome : understand more clear,

142. *Neoptolemus*, Achilles. Shakespeare seems to have been led to give him this name either from the mention in the *Troycake* of a Neoptolemus beside Achilles among the Greeks at Troy, or from the name of his son, Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, as if Neoptolemus were a family name. Pyrrhus Neoptolemus

cannot be meant, as he has been referred to as a boy 'at home,' iii. 3. 209. Some editors try to evade the difficulty by emendation : e.g. 'N. sire so mirable' (Hanmer).

142. *mirable*, admirable.

143. *Oyes*, the herald's summons : 'Hear !'

165-170. Omitted in Q.

What's past and what's to come is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion ;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

170

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [*To Troilus*] My well-famed lord of
Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting :

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer ?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks !

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath ;

Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove :

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you. 180

Men. Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly
theme.

Hect. O, pardon ; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft
Labouring for destiny make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have
seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

Despising many forfeits and subduements,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the
air,

169. *bias-drawing*, swerving.

as fate's vicegerent.

172. *imperious*, imperial.

187. *Despising many forfeits*

178. *untraded*, unfamiliar, un-
hackneyed.

and subduements, i.e. disdain-
ing to slay and vanquish many whose

184. *Labouring for destiny*,

lives were in his power.

Not letting it decline on the declined,
 That I have said to some my standers by 190
 'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !'
 And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee
 in,

Like an Olympian wrestling : this have I seen ;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
 And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee ;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents. 200

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in
 contention,
 As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha !

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
 morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome !—I have seen the time. 210

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands
 When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
 Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would
 ensue :

My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
 For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,

189. *the declined*, the fallen.

Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

220

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet, and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome :
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses,
thou !

230

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on
thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief : I will the second
time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read
me o'er ;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st. 240
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part
of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or
there?

233. *quoted, observed.*

That I may give the local wound a name
 And make distinct the very breach whereout
 Hector's great spirit flew : answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud
 man,

To answer such a question : stand again :
 Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
 As to prenominate in nice conjecture
 Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

250

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
 I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
 well ;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there ;
 But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
 I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
 You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag ;
 His insolence draws folly from my lips ;
 But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
 Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin : 260

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
 Till accident or purpose bring you to't :

You may have every day enough of Hector,
 If you have stomach ; the general state, I fear,
 Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field :
 We have had pelting wars, since you refused
 The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;
 To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match. 270

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to
 my tent ;

265. *odd*, at odds.

267. *pelting*, petty.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT IV

There in the full convive we : afterwards, *feast*
 As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
 Concur together, severally entreat him.
 Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
 That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*]

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech
 you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas *keep*?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely
 Troilus :

There Diomed doth *feast* with him to-night ; 280
 Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
 But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
 On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so
 much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
 To bring me thither ?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
 As gentle tell me, of what honour was
 This Cressida in Troy ? Had she no lover there
 That wails her absence ?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their
 scars 290

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord ?
 She was beloved, she loved ; she is, and doth :
 But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

272. *convive*, *feast*.

278. *keep*, *dwell*.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine
to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for
thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy. 10

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's
wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need
these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by
thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male
varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

4. *core*, ulcer (quibbling on (abstract for concrete).
the sense: *heart*).

5. *batch of nature*, loaf of Q F₁ have *varlot*, which is per-
nature's baking. haps a fusion of *varlet* and

14. *adversity*, 'Mischief!' *harlot*.

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whore-son indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba, A token from her daughter, my fair love,

21. *rotten diseases of the south.* The moist south wind was thought to be charged with noxious influences.

22-27. *raw . . . tetter.* In the Ff this graphic catalogue is cut short at 'palsies,' the rest being represented by an 'and the like.'

25. *limekilns,* gouty lumps.

26. *rivelled,* wrinkled (said of the bark-like surface of the tetter).

28. *discoveries.* Thersites probably means the rank abuses which disclosed themselves to his censorious eye in the Greek camp at large. Singer read 'discoverers,' Hanmer, 'debaucheries.'

32. *ruinous butt,* decayed wine-tub.

33. *indistinguishable,* of no breed, mongrel.

35. *sleeve-silk,* soft floss silk used for weaving.

Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
 An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
 Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;
 My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
 Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent: 50
 This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus! [*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. With too much blood and too little
 brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too
 much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be
 a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an
 honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails;
 but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and
 the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his
 brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique 60
 memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in
 a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what
 form but that he is, should wit larded with malice
 and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an
 ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an
 ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be
 a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard,
 an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I
 would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would
 conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I 70
 would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not
 to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.
 Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON,
 ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES,
with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

60. *oblique*, indirect or figurative. 67. *fitchew*, polecat.

64. *forced*, stuffed. 68. *puttock*, kite.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis ;
There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector ; welcome,
princes all.

Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good
night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks'
general.

80

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught : 'sweet' quoth 'a ! sweet
sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once,
to those

That go or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector. 90

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch ;
he goes to Calchas' tent :

I'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit Diomedes ; Ulysses and
Troilus following.*]

83. draught, sewer.

90. tide, time.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted
rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust
him when he leers than I will a serpent when he
hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise,
like Brabblcr the hound; but when he performs,
astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there 100
will come some change; the sun borrows of the
moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will
rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him:
they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the
traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. Nothing but
lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's
your daughter?

Cal. [*Within*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after
them, THERSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover
us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word
with you. [*Whispers.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar !

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can 10
take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember ?

Cres. Remember ! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then ;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember ?

Ulyss. List. 15

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to
folly.

Ther. Roguery !

Dio. Nay, then,— 20

Cres. I'll tell you what,—

Dio. Foh, foh ! come, tell a pin : you are for-
sworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot : what would you have
me do ?

Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on
me ?

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath ;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience !

Ulyss. How now, Trojan 30

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night : I'll be your fool no
more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness !

11. *cliff*, clef, musical key. at sight. *Noted* plays, of
Any man who knows in what course, upon the same figure.
key she is written can read her

Ulyss. You are moved, prince ; let us depart, I
pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you !

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off : 40
You flow to great distraction ; come, my lord.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience ; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay ; by hell and all hell's
torments,

I will not speak a word !

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord !

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian !—why, Greek !

Dio. Foh, foh ! adieu ; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not : come hither once
again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something : will
you go ? 50

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek !

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak a
word :

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience : stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his fat *luxurious*

55. *Luxury*, wantonness. The potato was regarded as a pro-
vocative.

rump and potato-finger, tickles these together!
Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you, then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it. 60

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*]

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it
well.

He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again. 70

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80

As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith,
you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than
you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it? 90

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy
horn,

It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it
is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why, then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a
word, 100

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not
you pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—do come:—I shall
be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.
[Exit Diomedes.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
 The error of our eye directs our mind : 110
 What error leads must err; O, then conclude
 Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.* *evil*]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish
 more,

Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul 115
 Of every syllable that here was spoke.
 But if I tell how these two did co-act,
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, 120
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
 As if those organs had deceptive functions,
 Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here
 but now.

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!
 Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage 130
 To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
 For depravation, to square the general sex
 By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil
 our mothers?

113. *more*, greater, *i.e.* a *my soul*, recall to mind.
 stronger proof.

116. *make a recordation to* 132. *depravation*, detraction.

Troilus and Cressida

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

140

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight

Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth,

150

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifex for a point as subtle

As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and loosed;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

160

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd

141. *If there be rule in unity itself*, if one is one. the spider, probably through confusion with *Ariadne*.

144. *Bi-fold*, two-fold.

153. *Instance*, proof.

147. *there doth conduce a fight*, a battle is 'joined,' arises.

158. *orts*, remnants.

160. *o'er-eaten*, devoured on all sides.

151. *orifex*, orifice.

161. *be attach'd with*, feel at

152. *Ariachne*, for Arachne, heart.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT V

With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill, 170
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,
false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself; 180
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my
lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous lord,
adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

172. *hurricano*, waterspout.

173. *Constringed*, drawn forcibly together.

177. *tickle it*, 'serve him out.'

177. *concupy*; a jesting abbreviation of 'concupiscence.'

185. *Have with you*, I'll go with you.

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed ! 190

I would croak like a raven ; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore : the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery ; still, wars and lechery ; nothing else holds fashion : a burning devil take them ! [Exit.

SCENE III. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment ?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you ; get you in :

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go !

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector ?

And. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,

Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dream'd 10

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT V

Hect. Ho ! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say : the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows :
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded ! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just ; it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

20

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow ;
But vows to every purpose must not hold :
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
Life every man holds dear ; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man ! mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

30

[*Exit Cassandra.*]

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus ; doff thy harness, *no, no, no*
youth ;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry : ,
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,

20, 21. This is Tyrwhitt's reconstruction of the passage. *would count give much to as violent thefts.'*
Ff have : 'as lawful: For we 21. For, because.

Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls, 40
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day. 50

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, 60
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

38. *a lion.* It was traditionally said of the lion that he 'spareth what creature soever lieth prostrate before him' (Holland's Translation of Pliny).

40. *captive*, vanquished.

48. *ruthful*, pity-exciting, *i.e.* fell, destructive.

55. *recourse*, flow.

58. *ruin*, fall. This line is omitted in Q.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT V

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dream'd ; thy mother hath had
visions ;
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt
To tell thee that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field ;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go. 70

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him !

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector ! 80
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth !
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry, Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

Tro Away ! away !

Cas. Farewell : yet, soft ! Hector, I take my
leave :

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.* 90

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about
thee!

[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed,
believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally
tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of
this girl; and what one thing, what another, that
I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a
rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my
bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot
tell what to think on't. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter
from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way.

[*Tearing the letter.*

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. 110

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*

91. *exclaim*, outcry.

101. *tisick*, phthisic.

106. *unless a man were cursed*,
i.e. unless it be the result of a
curse upon me.

111. *words and errors*, mis-
leading words.

112. F₁ here inserts three
lines which occur, with a slight
variation in the first, at Sc. 10.
32-34. (*But hear . . . thy name*).

Troilus and Cressida

ACT V

SCENE IV. *Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. *u. r. profitable*
O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty ¹⁰ swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx, 20
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly, but advantageous care

1. *clapper-clawing*, handling.
Cf. the preface to Q₂.

9. *luxurious*, vicious.

ib. *sleeveless*, unprofitable.

18. *barbarism*, state of boorishness, contrasted with 'policy.'

22. *advantageous care*, concern to secure a favourable position for fighting.

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :
Have at thee !

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian !—now for
thy whore, Trojan !—now the sleeve, now the
sleeve !

[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek ? art thou for
Hector's match ?
Art thou of blood and honour ?

Ther. No, no, I am a rascal ; a scurvy railing 30
knave ; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee : live. *[Exit.]*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe
me ; but a plague break thy neck for frightening
me ! What's become of the wenching rogues ? I
think they have swallowed one another : I would
laugh at that miracle : yet, in a sort, lechery eats
itself. I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus'
horse ;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty ;
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamas

Troilus and Cressida

ACT V

Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon
 Hath Doreus prisoner,
 And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
 Upon the pashed corsés of the kings 10
 Epistrophus and Cediús : Polyxenes is slain,
 Amphinachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
 Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes
 Sore hurt and bruised : the dreadful Sagittary
 Appals our numbers : haste we, Diomed,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;
 And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field :
 Now here he fights on Galathea his horse, 20
 And there lacks work ; anon he's there afoot,
 And there they fly or die, like scaled skulls *fish skulls*
 Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes,
 Dexterity so obeying appetite

9. *beam*, heavy lance.

14. *the dreadful Sagittary*,
 the Centaur archer who fought
 on the Trojan side. The im-
 mediate source was the *Troy-*
boke, where Lydgate describes
 him at length on the authority
 of Guido Colonna :—

Passing foul and horrible of sight,
 Whose eyes twain were sparkling as
 bright

As is a furnace with his red leven,
 Or the lightning that falleth from the
 hevene ;

Dreadful of loke and red as fire of
 chere,

And as I rede, he was a gode archere ;

And with his bowe both at even and
 morwe

Upon Greekes he wroughte muche
 sorwe.

Guido's source was Benoit de
 S. More, who, as Prof. Ker
 has pointed out (*Epic and Ro-*
mance, p. 378), actually uses
 the term 'Sagittary' of his
 centaur :—

Il ot o lui un *saietaire*
 Qui molt fu fels et deputaire, etc.

The term was familiar from the
 zodiacal Sagittarius.

22. *scaled skulls*, shoals of fish.

24. *strawy*, like straw.

That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great
Achilles

30

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come
to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

40

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face ;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry :

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[*Exeunt.*

45. *boy-queller, boy-killer.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office

Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

Tro. Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both! 10
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector!

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:

10. *look upon, look on.*

11. *cogging, deceitful.*

Be happy that my arms are out of use :
 My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
 But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;
 Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.

Hect.

Fare thee well :

I would have been much more a fresher man, 20
 Had I expected thee. How now, my brother !

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas : shall it be ?
 No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
 He shall not carry him : I'll be ta'en too,
 Or bring him off : fate, hear me what I say !
 I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek ; thou art a
 goodly mark :
 No ? wilt thou not ? I like thy armour well ;
 I'll frush it and unlock the rivets all,
 But I'll be master of it : wilt thou not, beast, abide ? 30
 Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myr-
 midons ;
 Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel :
 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in
 breath :
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,

24. *carry, carry off.*

29. *frush, bruise.*

Troilus and Cressida

ACT V

Empale him with your weapons round about ;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye :
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, *fighting*: then
THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are
at it. Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo ! 10
now my double-henned sparrow ! 'loo, Paris, 'loo !
The bull has the game : ware horns, ho !
[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too ; I love bastards : I
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard
in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegi-
timate. One bear will not bite another, and
wherefore should one bastard ? Take heed, 20
the quarrel's most ominous to us : if the son of a
whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement :
farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*

Mar. The devil take thee, coward ! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

6. *aims.* Capell's emenda- having a *double-dealing* hen, i.e.
tion for Q *F₂ armes*, F₁ *arme.* one with two cocks.

11. *double-henned*, (probably)

Now is my day's work done; I'll take good
breath:

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield
behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to
set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,

To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man

I seek.

[*Hector falls.* 10

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.

On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,

'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like,
my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads
the earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have
fed,

Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. 20

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*]

7. *vail*, setting.

18. *stickler-like*, like an arbitration in a combat.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT V

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and others, marching. *Shouts*
within.

Agam. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, drums !

[*Within*] Achilles ! Achilles ! Hector's slain !
Achilles !

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by
Achilles !

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along : let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. 10

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE X. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the
field :
Never go home ; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector ! the gods forbid !

Tro. He's dead ; and at the murderer's horse's
tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
speed !

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy !

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on !

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host. 10

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so :

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone :
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead :
There is a word will Priam turn to stone ;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word, 20
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away :
Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.

Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare.
I'll through and through you ! and, thou great-
sized coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates :
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy ! with comfort go : 30
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*]

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other
side, PANDARUS.*

Pan. But hear you, hear you !

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey ! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name ! [*Exit.*]

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones !
O world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent
despised ! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly

9. *linger on*, protract.

24. *pight*, pitched.

Troilus and Cressida

ACT V

are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what 40 instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, 50
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeathe you my diseases.

[Exit.

46. *painted cloths*, cloth hangings in rooms, commonly adorned with paintings and inscriptions.

55. *goose of Winchester*, loose woman.

56. *sweat*, undergo the cure for venereal disease.

END OF VOL. III

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